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EDITORIAL NOTICE:—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.... It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

The journey of the King and Queen from Balmoral to Buckingham Palace in two days was rather an heroic performance. The distance is 540 miles, and they travelled from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., or about 10 hours each day. That gives an average running speed of 27 miles an hour, which, considering the mountainous roads in Aberdeenshire and in Cumberland and Westmoreland, is very good. Indeed, the speed must have been nearer 30 miles, for presumably their Majesties stopped an hour for luncheon, whether in or out of the car. All the Royal motors are, we believe, Daimlers. Charles II. and the Duke of York used to think they did a very fine thing when they scampered up from Newmarket to London (50 miles) in four hours. They travelled in a coach and six, accompanied by an escort of Life Guards, at a hand gallop, changing horses twice on the road, probably at Chesterford and Bishop's Stortford. We can imagine what Charles would have said if he had been told by my Lord Arlington that he must come away from Newmarket, and miss the match between Woodcock and Flatfoot, because the prentices in the ward of Cheap had struck for higher wages!

What is the explanation of the treatment of the King and Queen of the Belgians by the Allies? The truly heroic figure of the Great War is that of the young King of a tiny State, rejecting the bribes and despising the threats of the Kaiser, standing at his gate to meet the overwhelming horde of Huns. The romance of their Knight touched even the Flemish and the Walloons, the least emotional people in Europe, and they stuck to him, if a little sullenly. Why are this hero and his consort ignored by France and England? We have received with flags and huzzas Generals Joffre and Foch, M. Clemenceau, President Wilson; and we are preparing to receive M. Poincaré. But King Albert and his Queen we have not received publicly; nor have the French. The Royal pair have now slunk over *incognito* to the United States, where the President is sick, and no one receives them. Apparently, after stealing to California and back, the illustrious couple are to sneak home again. What does it all mean? Are they too royal for our modern Republicans? Or is there some private or family quarrel afoot?

Although we have never agreed with President Wilson in his attempt to apply abstract formulas to the settlement of European politics, we watch with sympathetic anxiety the state of his health. The burthen which modern democracy lays upon its favourites is well-nigh intolerable. After the toil and trouble of the Paris Conference, Mr. Wilson started on an electoral tour of the Continent of America, where the distances to be travelled and the size of the audiences to be addressed are beyond our experience, and almost our imagination. The President has overtaxed his strength. To have helped to draft the Treaty of Peace, to have signed it at Versailles, and then to be called on to defend its details to his political opponents at home, might well break a man's health.

The retirement of President Wilson at such a moment as this would probably be fatal to the League of Nations. There is no other politician in the United States capable of forcing it through a reluctant Senate, and on an indifferent electorate. Despite the Press, and the monster meetings (50,000 we read about), and the mechanical devices for making the speaker's voice carry, and the cheers timed by the springing of a rattle, we doubt whether the American people care a row of pins about the League of Nations. Why should they? League or no League, they will not enter a second European war in a hurry. M. Clemenceau has avowed his scepticism about the League with much shrugging. Messrs. Wilson and Lloyd-George, incorrigible idealists, are the only people who believe in it. If Mr. Wilson were to disappear, our Prime Minister would be obliged to abandon it.

Meanwhile, elaborate preparations are making for the setting up of a Grand Secretariat of the League of Nations at Geneva. Hotels and offices are being rented or bought; telephones installed; a large staff of clerks, typists, private secretaries, journalists, engaged. What is it supposed that the Secretariat will do? Is it to do the business of the Chanceries, Foreign Offices, Foreign Ministers, Ambassadors, and Ministers Plenipotentiary, of the various Powers of the world? Or is it to be a Clearing House of the secrets and intrigues of democratic diplomacy? As Chief Secretary, to represent her most vital interests and to gather into his hands the threads of all this mass of secret diplomacy and intrigue, Protestant England has appointed a Roman Catholic. Verily we are a queer people.

Now that the strike is over, it may not be unprofitable to attempt an analysis of the real motives of the Trade Union leaders and their followers. The Trade Union leaders may be divided into the following categories. (1) Those who wished to save Mr. Thomas's face. (2) Those who wished to spoil Mr. Thomas's face. (3) Those who wished to steal Mr. Thomas's place. (4) Those who wished to ruin that they might rule the State. Their followers, or dupes, were less sophisticated or ambitious, and may be thus classified. (1) Those who thought they would get £1 a day. (2) Those who wanted to return to work at £2 13s. a week. (3) Those who believed themselves bound to support their class, or "side," right or wrong. (4) Those who wanted vaguely and comprehensively, to "down the toffs." After eliminating these categories, there was left a residuum, who, loving their country and recognising their solidarity with their fellows, hated the whole business, and were ashamed of their leaders and themselves. How large was this residuum?

Is "Theodore Petriburg" a Bolshie or a Bishop? The address (The Palace, Peterborough) was our only guide to the conclusion that this outlandish signature concealed a prelate and not an emissary of Lenin. Assuredly Dr. Wood did the Church no good by endeavouring to persuade the public that the railwaymen were justified in suspecting Sir Eric Geddes of bad faith. The working-classes suspect everybody who is set in authority over them, as the Bishop would find out fast enough if he tried to meddle in their pecuniary affairs. The trouble in trying to make agreements with trade unionists is that they suspect even those who are trying to help them. They suspect, of course, all officials at Whitehall. But they are so suspicious of lawyers that they will not employ them to draw up their agreements, thinking they can do it better themselves. Most of the trade disputes arise from badly drawn documents. This mixture of conceit and suspicion is the foible of the half-educated.

Unhappily for himself, Mr. J. H. Thomas, at the calling of the strike, let slip the phrase that Mr. Lloyd George was "not master in his own house." He thought thereby to separate the Prime Minister from his colleagues. At the City meeting on Tuesday, the Prime Minister took up the phrase, and made terrible play with it. He has abundantly proved to Messrs. Thomas and Cramp that he is master in his own Cabinet; but at the Guildhall he proved to the Labour world that the Nation is master in its own house, and means to remain so. Mr. Lloyd George has scored Mr. Thomas down the back with stripes that nothing will ever heal or efface. Mr. Thomas, aiming at the Prime Minister's place, is exposed to historic obloquy as the man who tried to hold the community to ransom and failed. What astonished and terrified Messrs. Thomas and Cramp more than the unexpected strength of the volunteers and the preparations of the Government, was the lukewarmness of their own men, and the number of loyalists, ycleped blacklegs.

One of the volunteers has confided to the public that it is easy for a porter to make 10s. a day in tips at any of the London stations. As his wages are 50s. a week, this hard-worked and hardly-used person must make 120s. a week. How many well-educated young men in the clerical and professional classes are certain of as good a livelihood? If one considers the churlish manners of the modern porter, and his frequent refusal to take luggage unless coin is shown to him, is it not time that the public stopped tipping? We have frequently seen women, and men whose luggage or appearance did not bear the outward semblance of wealth, left sitting in despair because they did not hold up half-a-crown. We have been told of ladies waiting for an hour before a porter would condescend to touch their luggage.

It appears to be thought a good joke by some of the newspapers that "the mediators," whilst waiting in the outer rooms of 10, Downing Street, began to sing

'The Red Flag' and 'The Internationale.' For ourselves, we fail to taste the joke. The portent seems sinister enough, especially when taken in conjunction with the demonstration at the Albert Hall on Sunday night, when Bolshevik Cramp is reported to have announced a far-reaching victory for the strikers, "amidst the waving of red flags." Only sand-blind optimists can fail to see how strong the extreme anarchist wing in the Labour party has proved to be. As soon as panic and anger have subsided, we trust that the Crown lawyers will look into the law, and see whether some means cannot be devised to protect the public from this perpetual "sabre-rattling" by the Unions that control the workers in public utility trades.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, according to common report, is convinced that he will some day be Prime Minister. So is Mr. Clynes, so is Mr. Smillie, and so, no doubt, is Mr. Cramp, and Mr. Robert Williams. The career of Mr. Lloyd George has fired the wildest hopes in the breasts of many a son of labour, just as the meteoric ascent of Disraeli, and his novels, have seduced many an industrious youth from the Bar and the counting house to St. Stephen's. The example of genius is always dangerous, and spoils many a man who might otherwise have been useful and contented, by tempting him beyond his depth. Strange and horrible as it seems, it is no doubt true that careers of crime and cruelty have a great attraction for certain men. Lenin and Trotzky are responsible for some budding Bolsheviks in this country.

We do everything on a big scale nowadays. We have had a Great War; and now we have had a Great Strike. Some say the strike has cost the country 100 millions; others, more moderate, but perhaps uninformed, say 50 millions. If we consider the loss of export trade for nine days, and compute the number of days it has taken to restore the channels of trade to pre-strike conditions, the hundred millions are probably no exaggeration. It seems a large sum to pay to settle the point whether railway porters, guards, and pointsmen are to be guaranteed 50s. a week for six or twelve months. If we have to pay a similar price to settle the wages of many other trades, we shall soon add a nice little debt of five or six hundred millions to our War Debt of eight thousand millions. We have, for our part, long given up the attempt to calculate our indebtedness, feeling sure that it must lead to some catastrophic solution, which we can neither avoid nor measure.

Some overpaid and underbred obscurity, whose name we shall not rescue from oblivion, expressed himself about the volunteers as follows. "Incidentally, they" (i.e., the strikers) "had found work for people who had never worked before. 'Lord Muttonhead' had had to step in and do some work for the first time in his life. He did not know if the work had been done satisfactorily: but in the open market it would not command 40s." This sort of language applied to the lawyers, stockbrokers, tradesmen, demobbed officers and soldiers, who did the work of the porters and guards, is simply ludicrous. The authorities at Paddington said that in handling the milk-cans the Lord Muttonheads did in one hour what their regular porters took three hours to do. From the public the testimony is unanimous that never before had they been portered, and guarded, and ticket-clipped, with so much celerity and civility. What makes the railway men so mad is the knowledge that they have been found to be neither skilled nor indispensable, and that their work can be done better by other people.

If "Lord Muttonhead" refers to Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who drove a train from Bournemouth to Southampton, we can assure the Trade Union Secretary that the peer in question has led a more active and intelligent life than all the secretaries of all the Trade Unions put together. He is a member of the Institute

of Mechanical Engineers, and as colonel, motor inspector, aviator, and newspaper correspondent, he has been busy and distinguished in almost every country in the world. He was torpedoed in the Mediterranean during the war, and was picked up by a steamer clinging to a raft, after very many hours of exposure. The boorish gibe, however, only proves what we have repeatedly stated, namely, that class hatred is at the bottom of all this industrial "unrest." This is particularly the case with the women of the lower class. The same woman who will refuse to wash the doorstep or carry in the coals for "the gentry" will marry a chauffeur or a soldier and work twelve hours in scrubbing and cooking.

We never pretended to a strong head for statistics and we admit the following figures puzzle us:—The *Petit Parisien* states "726 Frenchmen married Belgians; and 330 Belgian women married Frenchmen." This can only mean, unless we have forgotten Cocker, either that 396 Frenchmen married Belgians who were not women; or that polyandry has been adopted, and that one Belgian bride has $2\frac{1}{2}$ husbands. But as the women far outnumber the men, this is impossible. We give it up.

Lord Allenby's Palestine Campaign interested the public perhaps more keenly, certainly more pleasantly, than the mighty happenings on the Western front. The names and the scenes were familiar to all from boyhood; the Jordan meant far more to most than the Marne or the Somme, and the imagination was touched by a siege of Jerusalem. Lord Allenby was happily able to dwell on the exploits of the 60th Division, composed chiefly of Londoners; and it is instructive to learn that the mosquito was conquered by a little science and trouble. Malaria and influenza were, the Field-Marshal tells us, more destructive enemies than the Turks. Such real plagues as mosquitoes and rats might be exterminated if people would only take the trouble. It is delightful to know that the examiners for the Indian Civil Service made us a present of so great a soldier as Lord Allenby. We wish we could discover that Lord Haig had been "ploughed" or "sent down" from Brasenose.

During the Boer War, in 1899, Mr. Chamberlain sent a shiver through Europe by telling the French "to mend their manners": but the words had the desired effect on the French press. We wish that the Secretary of State would tell his War Office officials to mend their manners. Take the distribution of the gratuities, which the nation decided to grant to the relatives of those who had been killed in the war. The task has been, so a correspondent writes, entrusted to the War Office as being acquainted with the addresses of those concerned. This is the formula issued by the War Office: "With a view to the disposition of the war gratuity due to the estate of the late — the War Office requests that you will be good enough to return this letter as early as possible to the above address with a statement on the margin showing," etc. A more cold and callous way of addressing bereaved relatives can't be imagined; no curter request could be addressed to a claimant for charity or a creditor on an estate.

Seeing that these gratuities are not doles, but marks of public gratitude, surely some such formula as the following might be adopted:—"Parliament, with the hearty assent of the King and the Nation, has decided that a gratuity shall be distributed to the next of kin of the men who have fallen in the war as a mark of the nation's gratitude to them and of sympathy with you." Such words "by way of balm for healing" have a great effect on the recipients; they soothe the spirits of those who are smarting under recent and irreparable losses. The public have a right to demand at least courtesy and promptitude from the army of officials who are eating us out of house and home.

Under the old law officers in the Army and Navy who made inventions were bound to hand them over to the authorities, and take what the Admiralty or the War Office chose to give them by way of reward, which was generally something very small. This had the occasional effect of inducing an officer, who had made a really valuable invention, to leave the service and take out a patent. A more liberal system of awards has been wisely adopted since the Great War. Consequently, eleven claimants appear as the inventors of the Tank. Nothing is so difficult to prove as the invention of an idea. Mr. Churchill seems to think that the idea of the Tank grew out of a dinner at the Duke of Westminster's house, which, if true, would show that our national habit of talking politics after dinner is a valuable one. We wish that authors and orators could patent their words, for we once had the mortification to read a speech of our own, which had passed in smother in some suburban rag, reported in the *Morning Post* a week later from the lips of a titled booby who had been present and read the local paper.

We published last week an article on 'Votes and Cash,' contributed by a veteran politician, who was naturally drawing on his memory. We do not think that in the new conditions the member or the candidate is mulcted of money by those whom our contributor wittily described as "the syndicate of sound supporters." To begin with, the registration, the heaviest draft on the member's purse, is now paid for by the public. Then, the constituencies being doubled in size, there are too many people to make corruption by subscription possible. And to do the female voters justice, they don't ask for money. On the other hand, the member's burthen of correspondence has much increased. A member for a southern suburban constituency tells us that on an average he despatches ten letters a day to his constituents, not giving or refusing subscriptions, but answering serious and sometimes difficult questions of politics or administration. This is a great strain on a man's time and brains. It is becoming more and more difficult to combine the occupation of a seat in Parliament with the pursuit of any other business. The professional politician, so divided in the last generation, has become a necessity.

Not that corruption has been, or ever will be, banished from politics, but it has taken a different and more dangerous form. On reading Cicero's Letters to Atticus, in which he is constantly complaining of the expense of politics, one is struck by the persistence of corruption in public life. But if there is to be bribery, it is better that the money should be paid by the man who receives to the man who gives the desired object. The modern and subtler system is to bribe whole constituencies, or classes of men, by promises of money, not out of your own purse, but out of the pocket of the public. The use of the pension list for political purposes was adopted in the United States after the Civil War. It is deplorable to see the same tactics being introduced into our politics, as is the case in the Rusholme election. To promise soldiers larger pensions in order to get their votes is one of the most depraved forms of bribery.

Lord Robert Cecil tells us that the solution of the labour troubles is the promotion of the workman from the position of employee to that of partner. That sounds well and is certain to be cheered at any meeting. But partnership involves sharing losses as well as profits; and we have never seen the slightest inclination on the part of organised labour to share losses in a falling market. There are three interests to be paid out of every concern, Capital, Labour, and Superintendence. The Labour leaders consider labour, that is muscular strength or acquired manual skill, to be entitled to so high a remuneration that little or nothing is left for capital and superintendence. Supply fixes, or ought to fix, the price of a commodity. And brains are so much rarer than muscle that they must be more highly paid. But that is precisely what a half-educated proletariat will not or cannot see.

THE SLUMP IN N.U.R.'s.

THE stock in the National Union of Railwaymen has fallen heavily. Indeed, brokers tell us that the market is all one way: that there are no buyers about: this is called in the slang of Capel Court a slump. There is nothing surprising in this. When a supposed monopoly, created by the Press and by the bluff of agitators, is discovered to be non-existent, the bottom is knocked out of the concern, and down it tumbles.

This is just what has happened to the press-blown concern of which Messrs. Thomas and Cramp are the directors. Before the strike we all of us thought that the railways were as necessary to the life of the nation as air to the lungs, and, as a corollary, that the men who worked the railways were as gods, holding our poor lives in the hollow of their hands. During the strike we suddenly discovered three facts of far-reaching importance, namely: (1) That there is a very large number of men ready and able to take the places and do the work of the railwaymen. (2) That there are such things as motors and petrol. (3) That in many respects motors are a cheaper, a pleasanter, and almost as speedy a method of transport as railways. A friend of ours has discovered that in a two-seated motor, costing £120, he can travel from the door of his London office to the door of his home in Essex for 11s. 6d., whereas the railway journey now costs 15s. And this kind of discovery has been made by hundreds of thousands of other people, both with regard to the carriage of persons and goods. In a sentence, the railway monopoly has gone. And Messrs. Thomas and Cramp know it, shout they never so loudly. And the men know it, too, wave they never so many red flags. How cleverly the Government have played their cards! The triumvirate, two Scotsmen and a Welshman, have dealt the N.U.R. a blow from which they will never recover, and all in the pleasantest manner possible, with smiles, and compliments, and hearty handshakes! They, the Government trio, have just shown Messrs. Thomas and Cramp their strength, and then let them go, the best of friends, shouting victory! We are lost in admiration of this triumphant diplomacy. We know, of course, that the railwaymen appear to be in a better position than they were before the strike, for they have got a twelve months' instead of a six months' guarantee of the 50s. wages. But the pecuniary advantage, when weighed against the moral defeat, caused by the loss of a monopoly, flies up and kicks the beam. We are informed, and can well understand it, that leaders and men are cowed by the sudden perception of their own weakness, when pitted against the nation's strength.

We are not blind to the effect that might have been, and might be, produced by a combined strike of all the leading industries at once, railwaymen, coalminers, and dock labourers. Certainly there are not enough civilian volunteers in other walks of life to cope at a moment's notice with such a combination as that. But that combination would really mean civil war, a dispute that could only be settled by shooting. We have at present too much confidence in the common sense and humanity of the majority of our countrymen to believe such a combination will be made. We may be wrong: but if we are, then in that crisis, as Lord Goschen once said about civil war in Ireland, "we must make our wills and do our duty."

Nor do we underestimate the very high price we have been obliged to pay "to see" Mr. Thomas. It is computed that the nine days' strike has cost the country, one way and another, in loss of exports, consumption of petrol, and payment of extraordinary services, something between fifty and a hundred millions sterling, about as much as the Crimean War. And it has been sheer waste of money, as far as glory is concerned; no Inkerman or Alma to console us. Mr. J. H. Thomas is, indeed, a very, very costly luxury. Would it not be simpler and much cheaper to appoint him Minister of Strikes, with a salary of £10,000 a year, on the terms that for every strike that took place, £1,000 should be deducted from his salary? Of

course, he must be guaranteed against insecurity, for no Labour man must be worried by the demon that haunts his less favoured fellow citizens, the fear of losing their incomes. And as no Labour leader who respects himself spends less than £10 a day, in hotels, motors, and champagne, Mr. Thomas might be guaranteed £3,650 a year, free of income-tax (the latter a shameful imposition on the only people who work). We fear that even with these guarantees the position of Mr. Thomas as Strike Minister would not be absolutely secure. Messrs. Cramp, Smillie and Robert Williams, not to mention many others, would all be constant and unscrupulous candidates for the post. That, however, is Labour's affair, not the State's: the nation would not have to pay more than the standard salary.

In his speech at the Mansion House on Tuesday the Prime Minister explained to us that the victory over the Railway Union was due, not only to the energy of the volunteers, whom he very properly thanked for their services, but to long and careful preparation by the Government. As early in the year as February the Prime Minister was warned by the Home Secretary that some kind of conspiracy was brewing, and accordingly he left the Peace Conference to provide against civil war at home. We always had a high opinion of the courage and sagacity of Mr. Shortt when he was Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. From what Mr. Lloyd George tells us, we are as much indebted to Mr. Shortt as to Sir Eric Geddes and Sir Robert Horne for the preparations which displayed their completeness during the Nine Days. And it was against such men as these, backed by the whole resources of British Society, that a brace of revolutionaries, Messrs. Cramp and Thomas, hurled themselves on the insensate assumption that everybody, but themselves, was asleep! That was exactly the mistake made by the Kaiser in 1914; and the Prime Minister accurately and mercilessly labelled the attempt of Mr. J. H. Thomas to "hold up the community" as "Prussianism," which the British nation will never tolerate. Well, Messrs. Thomas and Cramp have got their gruel; and, lest they should be tempted to try their fortune again, the Prime Minister addressed a very impressive warning to the Labour Extremists. He bade them not deceive themselves with the idea that they had been defeated by a war organisation, which would not be available a second time. Their defeat was planned by civilians and carried out by civilians. If the State requires a commodity, whether labour, or land, or money, it must have it, but it must pay its possessors a fair price. The notion that any section of Labour will be allowed to hold the rest of the community to ransom has, we think, received its quietus, thanks to the foresight of the Government, and the resolute and ready support given by public opinion and the services of the well-affected.

REALISM AND IDEALISM IN POLITICS.

THE quarrel between realism and idealism in ethics and literature is as old as the world, and we do not propose to deal with it here. Whether a man be a Platonist or an Aristotelian; whether he prefer Goldsmith to Crabbe as a painter of rural manners; or whether he find Johnson's 'Vanity of Human Wishes' more to his taste than Shelley's 'Odes to Liberty,' are matters which concern him, or only concern the State when he begins to translate his theories into action. And this is the side of the matter which we intend to discuss in this article. Realism and idealism as opposite theories of life become interesting and vitally important in politics, when applied by those who hold them to the practice of government and to international relations.

The words are vague, like Socialism and Individualism, and require definition, which will be easiest if the abstract noun is impersonated. The realist is one who grounds his belief upon the greater of two probabilities: and who acts upon his experience of the motives of the majority of men. He does not assert that all men

act from selfish motives: on the contrary, he admits that some men act from disinterested and altruistic motives. He does, however, declare that in his experience, a large majority of men are self-regarding in their actions, and that he considers it safer for the State to ground its policy on the conduct of the majority than on the eccentricity, however admirable, of the minority. If the idealist should deny the authority of his experience, and charge him with selecting his facts to suit his theory, the realist will answer, like Aristotle, "Why, this is universally admitted: I believe that most men act selfishly, not only because I have found it so, but because all men think so."

The idealist stoutly refuses to be bound by the opinion of "everybody." He confounds morality with ratiocination, and thinks that a thing is true because it ought to be true. Indeed, the idealist is an autocrat, for in effect he says, "This thing is so right and good that it must and *shall* be true." He does not commit the absurdity of saying that one swallow makes a summer; but having started with a moral generalisation, he will then begin to look for his particular instances, and it is astonishing how small a number will satisfy him. Of course, the more lofty his moral proposition, the angrier he grows when asked for his evidence, and the more freely he curses as "low-minded" cynics those who dispute his assumptions. It is obviously right and desirable that men and nations should love, instead of hating, one another: it is obviously right that a man should prefer the service of the State to that of himself and his family. Because these things are right morally, the idealist, by a process of logic peculiar to himself, proceeds to conclude that they are true. Brotherly love and civic duty are declared to be facts because the idealist wishes them to be facts. If hard pressed for his evidence, the idealist will frequently tell you that he believes these things because he is a Christian. That is to say, because nineteen centuries ago the Founder of Christianity told men that they ought to love one another, the idealist of to-day believes that they do so. There is a cleverer and more subtle idealist, who admits (not, of course, in the City Temple) that brotherly love and civic duty are not facts; but believes that the only way of getting them made facts is to pretend that they are so. To those who think, as we do, that moral pretence and pious precept are unsafe bases for the conduct of government, the idealist appears, in domestic and in international politics, as a very dangerous person.

To descend from the general to particulars. A Royal Commission was recently appointed, not to decide (as is falsely stated), but to report on, the question whether it is expedient in the interests of the nation to transfer the coal mines from private owners (i.e., public Joint Stock Companies) to the State. Several witnesses, two of whom were Commissioners, deposed that private gain could and ought to be eliminated as a motive to industry, and (concretely) that the miners would work harder, more cheerfully, and more cheaply for the State than for a joint stock company. Not a tittle of evidence was produced, or even asked for, to support these statements. The official figures showed that since the coal mines had been controlled by the State the output had decreased alarmingly. The testimony was sheer idealism. The ideal of the witnesses was the all-powerful State, which eliminates individual profit; and to support this ideal they unblushingly made assertions about human motives in general and about miners in particular (of whom, admittedly, they had no personal knowledge), for which there was not a scrap of proof. Nevertheless, the idealists framed the majority report, of which one of the results is the recent strike. For the realist the great strike proves that private gain is the sole effective motive of human beings; and that statesmanship consists, not in ignoring or trying to eliminate it, but in encouraging it as the only basis of a successful country. The realist regards capitalists and workmen as "profiteers" both, by reason of their common humanity. The function of the realist's State is to keep the ring and see fair play between the various classes of profiteers. The idealist's State is a transcendental semi-sacerdotal abstraction,

which is to ignore ordinary motives as "low" or cynical, and to rule its citizens as if they were Fabian lecturers or South Sea islanders.

Or, turn to Foreign policy. Lord Grey is the typical idealist in politics: full of general ideas and platonical aspirations, with his eyes on the stars. At the most critical moment in the first year of the War, Sir Edward Grey lost us Turkey and Bulgaria by pursuing his ideal of "Balkan unity." But whilst he was writing idealist despatches and holding Serbia back with his Balkan unity, Germany, a money-bag in one hand and a pistol in the other, was addressing the most coarsely practical arguments to the Sultan and Ferdinand. Take Russia. Mr. Lloyd George is another idealist, the slave of political formulas. He and his colleagues knew very well in 1917 that the Tsar's Government was in danger. But being idealists, these Ministers were convinced that you had only to replace the Tsar by a Republic, and the fighting power and prosperity of Russia would be doubled. The Tsar, our loyal ally, at the head of a magnificent army, was allowed to fall, and Kerensky, a prating lawyer, was congratulated on his occupation of the Romanoff palace. Our idealist Prime Minister was in ecstasy, and held Kerensky up to the admiration of a meeting of editors as "a great revolutionary character, the St. Just of Russia." No doubt our Prime Minister confused the name of Robespierre's cut-throat with the canonisation of Justice. But what terrible results followed this idealist policy in Russia! The realist, acquainting himself with the fact that the Russians are totally unfit for self-government, being illiterate savages, would have kept the Tsar on his throne, at all events until the war was over.

The idealism of the Prime Minister is the greatest danger of the times. All his ebullience, during the general election and in the City Temple, about a new world, and a country fit for heroes, and brotherly love, has excited hopes that never can be satisfied, has landed us in the greatest danger, and will plunge us into greater. The basic fallacy of idealism in politics is the assumption that the majority of men are interested in great problems. For ninety-five per cent. of us life is composed of small incidents and petty occurrences; of wishes for objects not remote, and griefs for disappointments of no consequence to any but ourselves; of insect vexations which sting us and fly away; impertinences which buzz awhile about us and are heard no more; of pleasures which dance before us and are dissipated. Such is the general heap out of which every man is to cull his own condition. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every sane desire prompts the prosecution. Let the idealists, with their schemes of a perfect State and their League of Nations, realise that the want of most of us is to be left alone.

LABOUR AND THE IRISH PROBLEM.

AT the great Trade Union Congress in Glasgow, Mr. J. H. Thomas tabled a resolution, viewing "with alarm the grave situation in Ireland, where every demand of the people for freedom is met by military rule." "Self-determination" was rather vaguely put forward as a remedy; and the Congress expressed "its profound sympathy with our Irish brethren in their hours of repression."

It is clear that our present Labour leaders are in earnest in this matter; it is equally clear that they have not counted the cost of a complete severance of the Union, which is the only "self-determination" which Republican Ireland—i.e., almost the entire nation—will accept to-day.

This vagueness was strikingly manifested in the House of Commons, when the mining Member, Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, moved in an Irish debate: "That this House views with regret and concern the present conditions prevailing in Ireland, which tend further to alienate the people of that country from the people of Great Britain, and subject to international suspicion

our earnest efforts to promote and safeguard the freedom of other small nations."

In the ensuing discussion, Mr. Hartshorn said the Labour Party wanted to know why sentiments of nationality which were considered admirable in a Pole were voted execrable in the Irish? Lord Hugh Cecil asked the speaker to define the precise measure of independence that Labour had in mind. "Was it the same independence that you have given Poland, for instance?" Mr. Hartshorn replied that it was not the business of himself or the Labour Party to draw the precise lines.

At Glasgow, Mr. Smillie was very bitter about the denial of "elementary justice" to Ireland, which was now "governed by the bayonets and guns of the British nation." Labour, as we know, is everywhere opposed to militarism in any shape or form. In Paris its British delegates urged, "That conscription should be not merely modified, but wholly abolished."

Apparently Labour gives no thought to *L'Esprit de Conquête*, of which the exiled Benjamin Constant wrote in Napoleon's day, scathing the people of peace who disbanded their army, since they had more need than any others of the defensive sword. That stoic pamphlet was written in Brunswick by the Romain Rolland, or Norman Angell, of his day; and the period was the darkest hour of tyranny, just before the dawn of Waterloo.

It is an unfortunate fact that Labour leaders, who aspire, sooner or later, to control the destiny of the far-flung British Empire, show so little grasp of its defensive problems. Sir West Ridgeway asked the Labour Party if they favoured a separate Irish Republic, or even the grant of full Dominion rule, with an Army and Navy apart from Britain's own; the right to make treaties with foreign Powers, and sovereign possession of all the harbours, and other strategic points essential to the safety of the United Kingdom.

Further, would they impose any settlement upon Ireland, if the majority of the people declined it? Would they coerce a rebellious Ulster, employing British troops for the purpose? Or would they permit the Republic to do this, though it entailed civil war? No adequate replies to those questions are yet forthcoming. Yet Labour, in its new day, lays claim to a voice in high political matters, though thus far it has declared no constructive policy of its own.

"The vast majority in Ireland," Mr. Hartshorn told the House of Commons, "have accepted the Home Rule Bill." Here, of course, is a statement glaringly at variance with the facts. The vast majority of Irish people are Sinn Féiners now, and the Home Rule Bill is to them a quaint archaic measure *pour rire*, as Mr. Hartshorn and his Labour colleagues can see for themselves in the manifesto of "complete sovereignty," which Eamonn de Valera, as "President of the Irish Republic," has presented to the United States.

Now what would so drastic a severance of the Union entail? The geography of Britain's defence teaches us that our danger is not invasion, but starvation by enemy blockade—a condition which was seriously threatened for a time two years ago, when our shipping was being destroyed at the rate of nearly a million tons a month. No intensive farming at home can ever make us wholly independent of sea-borne supplies. These come by the North Atlantic and the Bay of Biscay, because Western Europe has little food or material to spare.

Even Channel Tunnel supplies would depend upon foreign Powers. Thus if Ireland were an independent nation, she could control our existence, since it is the Western island that flanks the ocean routes, and is now Great Britain's naval outpost. The truth is, that a politically separate Ireland would imperil both herself and us—as Edmund Burke himself remarked in the last year of his life.

"My poor opinion is," declares that extraordinary man, whom even Samuel Johnson admired, "that the closest connexion between Great Britain and Ireland is essential to the well-being—I had almost said to the very being—of the two kingdoms." Locally, civilly and commercially apart, Ireland (Burke maintained) "ought politically to look up to Great Britain

in all matters of peace and war. . . . At bottom, she has no other rational choice."

During the war, we saw Britain standing like an inflexible breakwater athwart the German trade-routes, whilst Italy held a similar position against Austria. The war on land swayed this way and that; but our sea-power, based upon great harbours, north and south, throttled the enemy with unrelaxing grip, demoralizing all his forces at last, even in the hour of *Machtstellung*, or the Teutonic position of power.

Now apply this lesson to a future war, with Ireland as a separate nation, perhaps in open hostility to us. Here the Western isle lies across Britain's sea-borne trade, with strategic bases at each extremity, from which all our commerce could be harried and held up. Glasgow, Liverpool and the South Wales ports would soon lie idle. Food and the raw materials of industry would be lacking; famine would stalk through the land, and capitulation would at last be absolutely necessary.

The first operation conducing to our safety would be the reconquest of Ireland—a danger which our forbears have realised in many a past crisis of British history. It is well for Labour then, to envisage these elementary facts, now that it enters the political arena, with new weapons and minatory claims.

REFORM IN GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

"DO you know why you are sent to school?" The ominous question never failed to startle the crowded hall. In a timid whisper the eldest girl present would reply, "To study?" And Miss — (tasting the sweetness of her dignity as at no other moment) would end the sentence in her accustomed manner: "To study, yes, but you are sent here for an even greater reason. You are sent here to learn to live."

The phrases are repeated term after term, in school after school that professes to maintain the highest standards of education in exchange for a heavy fee. And only a voice here and there protests against the lie. Yet, at a time when many of the girls now being educated or about to be educated have a life of work in front of them, they are offered only a sterile discipline and a lump of unessential facts which hinder rather than help in their development.

It is usual in boarding schools to herd together from fifty to a hundred girls between the ages of nine and eighteen. Surely it is unnecessary to comment on the disadvantages of such a system? Then there is the arbitrary grouping into forms in which the average ability only of each child is considered. The work is characterised by indifference to foreign languages and to modern thought, and the refusal to introduce any method that has not been rusted by half a century of use. Absolute denial of freedom and lack of opportunity for self-expression unite to crush initiative or enthusiasm from the growing minds of the girls.

A knowledge of modern languages and history is vital in this present age, but any attempt to teach these subjects is commonly rendered of no value through the use of obsolete methods. Yet the phonetic system has made such an advance of late years that the phrase, "Of course, it is impossible to learn the accent except in the country itself," ought no longer to be offered as an excuse for indifferent instruction. Then the present choice of reading-books should be rigidly examined. It is absurd to expect girls of sixteen and seventeen to appreciate Racine, Goethe or Dante with enthusiasm. Surely it is wiser for a pupil to begin with some easy and amusing modern book, than to drag her mind through ten lines a day of a volume she would hardly understand if it were in English? Modern history is so neglected (save, possibly, in the highest form) that it boasts no method, obsolete or otherwise, to hamper it in its progress.

It would do the girls no harm to learn the elements of book-keeping and the way to write a simple business letter; but there seems to be a prejudice against practical knowledge being taught in schools.

It is right to insist on physical development, but some freedom of choice should be allowed as to the form

which this should take. No adequate expression of physical energy is possible in the set, monotonous games which, controlled by a mistress (usually inefficient) offer neither training to the muscles nor rest to the mind.

Out of school hours as little supervision as possible should be exercised, in order that the girls themselves may have some opportunity of acquiring self-reliance and a power of personal decision.

Yet no attempt to reform the education of girls in this country can be successful until the position of the teachers is improved. A bad method taught intelligently can often achieve better results than a good method marred by an arid brain. But the control of sensitive and impressionable minds is given into the hands of a woman who is chosen, not for her ability to impart knowledge, but because she, herself, possesses the more or less mechanical qualification of a degree.

The mistresses at any boarding school are as subject to arbitrary rules as are the pupils. It is impossible for them to teach children the way to live, because they have never learnt the art themselves. They are as ignorant of freedom as a girl who has never left the school playground. No enthusiasm can indefinitely prolong its existence when it has neither opportunity nor encouragement to grow.

The general tendency of school management is to pay such exaggerated attention to small details that the main principles are overlooked.

Parents are partly to blame for their failure to insist that a reasonable amount of individual attention be given to each child. The girls themselves are to blame for not protesting that it is time for the day to pass when a Latin motto and the school hat-band are the only visible results of ten years' education. The teachers are to blame not to assert their right to an existence independently of the school. Most of all those educational authorities are at fault who sacrifice initiative and energy to the turning out of the largest number to the standard pattern without a thought as to the future lives of the girls.

TWO MEMORIAL EXHIBITIONS.

IN his earlier works Harold Gilman's painting is smooth in texture. The different tones are worked into each other according to the more academic and accepted formula. Though he had not yet arrived at a full understanding of sound painting these works are full of sincerity. . . . From this stage he developed a sounder understanding of painting, observing each separate tone, and building up in independent touches, each in relation to its neighbour, the gradation being obtained by intimate observation and never by a blending of the tones at their interesting points. He concerned himself with the observation of each tone as a separate entity, opened his eyes to richness of colour and possessed a sound sense of draughtsmanship. He was intensely a realist, and belonged to that sound tradition of Realism which is not based on a fixed formula, and does not wish to impose one, but is an attempt, by personal observation and feeling to express the vision and conception of concrete objects spiritual emotions as the artist feels them. It is not only a painter of the first rank who is lost to us, but also a man of untiring energy in the furtherance of true and sincere art."

That, so to speak, is the official view of the artist whose memorial exhibition is held at the Leicester Galleries. This appreciation, by an intimate friend and confrère, is important as revealing, we must suppose, the central artistic aim of the painter. His paintings themselves are only more important, in that they exhibit the result of that aim. Two things are immediately obvious; first, that a matter of technique rather than of emotion is given the chief place in Gilman's aim, and second, that the writer, and presumably Gilman, reasoned *a priori* that a technique of independent touches is a sounder method than blending or working tones into each other.

But, surely, the relative soundness of two opposed methods can be established only by their results and effects. We should say that the method which gave

the better result, in solidity, breadth, durability and vital qualities was the sounder. And it is arguable that whatever be gained by one or the other technique at the expense of these cardinal qualities is really so much loss.

Perhaps it would be unfair to take Gilman's results as conclusive or say that, because they fail in this test, therefore his theory was wrong. On the other hand we gather that his method is considered to have succeeded so completely as to make him a "painter of the first rank." If then we compare Gilman's portraits with those of other first rank painters, Holbein or Van Eyck, Titian or Rembrandt, it is clear that they fail every time in solidity, breadth, and the interpretation of vital qualities. For far from being solid his heads are almost vaporous; they are loose and jumpy in their disintegrated tones and do not express the essential qualities of structure, continuity of surface and the properties of bone and flesh. We will not drag in Gilman's inferiority of design, nor for the moment his lack of emotional substance and of perception of living character. We will keep to the question of independent touches versus blended tones. The writer of the preface we have quoted lays stress on the relation in Gilman's work of each independent touch to its neighbour. But the very root of Gilman's failure is that his relations are nearly always false. Absorbed in his technical panacea — the disintegration of tones and colour, according to a scientific formula, he was off his guard. Disintegration led to isolation, isolation to chaos. The 'Mrs. Robert Bevan,' the most delightful of his exhibits, is a capital example of this falsity of tone. She sits in profile against a curtain striped with brilliant parrot green and yellow. This green was doubtless the greenest thing in sight, but a patch of local colour just above her cheek-bone is painted virtually as green. A true perception of relation would have marked the different values of these greens. The fact is that Gilman was nearly always guilty, in his later work, of forgetting relativity of tone in his efforts to reach a brilliant pitch of colour. This is a failing common to most modern painters who strive for purer colour. Holman Hunt had it badly and of all the Camden Town group only Mr. Sickert is consistently immune, perhaps in spite of himself. But, after all, in making all this pother over mere technique, are we not playing on the outskirts of the real issue? An artist does not count by technique alone; that is a trifling business, amounting to precious little in the audit of these things. If he has deep emotion or probing insight, and the downright conviction to set down unflinchingly his reading of life, it matters not a pin whether he splits up his tones or blends them. He will not pause to enunciate doctrine, nor be teased by consciousness of his technique. As we examine Gilman's work, we may question whether he perceived enough of the truer character of people, trees or landscape to escape self-consciousness, whether the intellectual doctrine in him did not to some extent repress the artist. One finds no proof that his cool scientific interest in technique was ever shouldered to one side by a more exacting interest. One feels that to the last he saw enough of the inward character of people, or trees, or jugs, or cups, to carry him away and cause him to forget the relatively trivial questions of controversial technique. He was at his best as a colourist; serious design apparently had not engaged his attention, and his limitations as a draughtsman are obvious, not only in his oil paintings, but more conclusively in such drawings as 'Horses Grazing,' and 'The Quay, Halifax.'

The art of Edward Stott is as the poles apart from Gilman's; it comes at the close of a tradition, and the ripe fulfilment of an older creed. Technically and artistically there is no legitimate comparison possible between these two. Stott developed naturally from tradition; he was too devoted to and too immersed in the life he interpreted to agitate. His art was wise and experienced; the minor aspects of technique and expression were assimilated by artistic emotion. As regards drawings and pastels, his craftsmanship was perfect. No. 6, Study for 'Sunday Morning,' exhibited in 1901, is as complete an example of this kind of

drawing as any country has produced. Thanks to his training Stott combined the fine quality of French craftsmanship with an altogether English sentiment. Perhaps it is early to say that his oil technique will not be justified; for possibly with time it will take on richness and a sort of smouldering colour. But so far it is not successful; indeed his oils seem to have dulled and leathered during these twenty years—a poor earnest for the future. His appreciator in the catalogue tells us that Stott observed what he conceived to be the sound technical canons of the old Masters. We can, however, but suspect that he had gained no real clue to their methods. His art is sensitive and in the best sense womanly. His peasant pictures are among the most sincere that Millet inspired. What in the late years of last century had become a studio fashion was, in Stott, passionate conviction. He loved and truly apprehended the life, the hour, the mood he painted.

Stott identified himself with the mood of Nature that he worshipped, and merged his own in the life he studied, so that his expression was unconscious and intuitive. Mr. Allinson, who shows mountain pictures in the next room, is, at present, only a spectator in the auditorium. Is it possible for one who swaggers in the face of nature, confident that he can bend her to his ways, ever to enter in and to become absorbed? He may be like the rich man.

Mr. Allinson at any rate will have to respond more sensitively to the finer notes in Nature, if he is to produce an art that is sustainably interesting rather than striking. He will have to love Nature more devotedly, and be less in love with and conscious of a method of expression. For when all is said and done it is the suggestive interpretation of subtleties that counts in art rather than crude virtuosity, however ingenious. Mr. Allinson's vision of form is still in the clumsy stage, and he gets no nearer to sensitive expression than crudely clever synopsis. On the other hand, if he gains sensitiveness and develops his rather stagey sense of grandeur into true grandeur, he will be a considerable artist. His beginnings, crude and empty though they be, are not at all a bad basis; if he fills in his free and liberal sketch with fuller and more difficult content, he will do well.

His exhibition will teach him something about colour if he seriously reasons out why some of his colour schemes work so much better than others. For example why No. 19, his most ambitious and promising effort, is not so successful in colour as Nos. 22 and 12. He will see that no colour design really comes off that neglects contrast of light and dark. A scheme containing only light colours, without the foil of a solid full bodied dark, is inevitably monotonous. For all their pleasant, limpid quality his blues and whites, lilac, pale orange and chalky greens are ineffectual, much like a dinner on hors d'oeuvre and sweets, or an orchestra of first violins and flutes alone. Nos. 12, 22 and 39, on the other hand, are sound and successful colour designs, and indisputable evidence that Mr. Allinson is an instinctive and inventive colourist. Let him heighten his pitch if he likes; but he will never successfully dispense with tone contrast. The truest and deepest in feeling of his pictures are Nos. 32, 18, 12 and 22.

CORRESPONDENCE

THANKS TO THE STRIKERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—“Spoofed again!” will be the ordinary man's first reflection after the natural sense of relief that the railway strike is over has passed away. After superhuman exertions by the public in strike-breaking, and continued assurances of indomitable resolution on the part of Mr. Lloyd George & Co., the strike ends in the reinstatement of the railwaymen with an increase of pay to compensate them (and their Unions) for the trouble they have taken in the matter. So far there is no announcement that the strikers will receive the thanks of the House of Commons, but no doubt that is to come. I understand that the cost of the strike

to the nation has been about £50,000,000, which is irrecoverable, and that the N.U.R. have spent over the thing £300,000 which they will get back quickly and easily out of the increased wage mentioned above. All the parties concerned in this remarkable piece of spoof are so delighted with themselves and each other, that anything in the shape of plain speaking seems almost indecent. But truth will out, and the plain facts are as follows:—The railwaymen planned and carried out a brutal attack on the life of the nation, and the Government, after saving its face with the nation by exploiting the national patriotism, to repel this attack, has now succeeded in saving its face with the railwaymen also by giving them all they demanded under another name.

Yours faithfully,

C. A.

The Sports' Club, St. James's Square.
October, 1919.

TIPPING PORTERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The public have been grossly inconvenienced by the damnable selfishness of the railwaymen: now that the strike is over there is but one weapon the public can use against these men by way of punishment, and that is a general refusal to tip porters. Let travellers withhold their tips from the porters for one month for the fact that they have struck. This will at any rate teach a lesson to one section of the railwaymen, and an unanimous threat of this kind from the travelling public would be very effective.

No tips for the modern highwaymen!

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

D. D. A. LOCKHART.

Darnich Tower, Melrose.

JOHN BULL AND UNCLE SAM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

[Enclosed in Mr. Wade's letter is the following reply by him to Mr. Robertson, who wrote in our issue of 23rd August.]

Mr. J. A. Robertson,

86, Sheen Park, Richmond, Surrey.

SIR,—Your letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW of August 23rd is the only one that I have taken the time to answer. In addition to the letters published in the REVIEW anent my frank criticism of England's pharisaical professions of love for her American cousins, I have received scores of communications through the mail, some of them being extremely bitter and scurrilous.

Of course these perfervid correspondents failed to realise that the tone of bitterness that marked their sentiments toward America proved my assertion that Uncle Sam and John Bull loved each other in a Pickwickian sense only. It is most unfortunate that the English have so little sense of humour. The absence of this divine quality makes them hyper-sensitive to criticism.

I am answering your letter because it betrays some evidence of a keener appreciation of the subtler mental processes than is the case with a large majority of your compatriots. I like it, also, for its child-like candour. It comes into the open and acknowledges that the beautiful encomiums on the American soldier that appeared at a time when the shadow of Germany fell across Threadneedle Street were sponsored by a “syco-phantic press.” You state that you would like me to know what England really thought of America.

I know what England has always thought of America. I know what America thinks of England. Knowing this, I have little patience with the fatuous palaver that occurs with disgusting frequency in many American and English papers about the amity and brotherly affection that has been born during the world war, like a rose lifting its radiant beauty from the muck of past hatreds and antagonisms. England is a great nation, and I would stultify myself to say to the contrary—but America is a greater nation. I know how

it hurts your national pride to realise this, and possibly it would be more charitable in me to refrain from pointing out to you so obvious a truth.

You say we have outstripped you in nothing but "vulgar advertising and making patent medicines." Of course this was written when passion had disturbed the poise of reason. You don't mean a word of it. Some day I hope it will be your good fortune to visit America and learn first hand something of her tremendous potentialities.

You will find yourself face to face with a civilization that registers man's highest achievements in the mechanic arts. You will be whisked across a vast continent where American enterprise, ingenuity and initiative have converted aboriginal wildernesses into veritable rose gardens of the gods. When you have travelled from Maine to California, from the Great Lakes to the Rio Grande—travelled with your eyes wide open and your heart purged of all prejudice—you will then understand how very great America is. It will broaden your vision, break the trammels of insular narrowness, and you will return home chastened in spirit, eager to effect in England some of the material wonders that mark America as the theatre of man's finest development.

I could be bitter if I wanted to and refer to England's recent grab in Persia, her treatment of the Egyptians, the Irish and the Boers. You refer to our habit of "burning niggers." There have been isolated examples where summary justice has been eked out to some black fiend guilty of an unthinkable crime. But are English's skirts clean in this respect? Recall what happened to the Sinn Feiners? And so far as I am advised these men were seeking only self-determination. Fire may be a little slower than bullets from a firing squad, but the end attained is the same.

However, you display a sense of humor, and I can forgive much in an Englishman who gives out occasional sparks.

Trusting there is in store for you the pleasure of visiting our great country and learning the real truth about our people, and that that day is not far distant, I beg to remain,

Respectfully,

(Signed) EDWARD I. WADE.

6,346, Harvard Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

To Mr. Edward I. Wade.

SIR—I noticed in the SATURDAY REVIEW, a week or two ago, a most egregious letter over your signature. It seems absolutely incredible that a well-educated man can perpetrate (pardon me) such proposterous stuff. If you had wanted to give the Editor and his readers good grounds for emphasizing his or their (if they had such) ill opinions of your countrymen, you could hardly have improved on such a method. I have no doubt that the Editor thoroughly enjoyed inserting it!

To anyone who, like myself, has lived for a good many years during a long life in the United States, has been about there much, has had and still has many friends there, and has always felt and acted in a friendly way over here to that country, such an effusion as yours seems not merely deplorable, but so amazingly ignorant of the outside world. One might have expected it from some Western Yahoo, full of ignorant and provincial bombast, whose dim notions of England were derived from those grotesque perversions of history that used at least to be taught in your elementary schools, but not from one whose language points to another class of life. I am absolutely certain that any one of my friends in the United States would utterly repudiate such statements and regard with disgust the crude boasts, based, too, on the hopeless materialism therein contained. Richer! Yes, no doubt, three years of peace when you should have been at war, and were having your noses pulled about once a week by Germans, enabled you to make billions out of a country that flung itself in, unprepared, at a day's notice, on a pure point of national honour; and has poured out blood and treasure like water and without hesitation. Richer! Even the American sense of

humour in this case must be lacking. I suppose money is the U.S. god of the middle West particularly; but it isn't well to proclaim it outside, above all when acquired from the blood and tears of a nation that was fighting incidentally for your preservation as well as its own. You are apparently more patriotic than Englishmen with their four years of unparalleled and heroic fighting, of which you in Chicago know precious little. Patriotism goes by action, not by brag, and I know that there are thousands of good Americans who think so too, as I get the Eastern papers every week, and have seen a good many of your people over here.

Imagine boasting of patriotism as opposed to ours at the present moment! Where can you have been all this time? And talking, too, the old gag about "decadent nations," as rustics in the U.S. twenty years ago used to talk. I thought that had been knocked out of even such as they by this time. You seem to think mere territory and population (much of the latter an illiterate rabble from continental Europe, or the Catholic Irish who have administered the municipalities of the big Eastern cities ever since I can remember with such conspicuous zeal and honesty!) make for breadth of outlook. Living in a ring fence 3,000 miles from anywhere, on the contrary, makes for an extraordinary ignorance of the world in general. Everyone who has lived long in the States well knows that the average American knows less and understands less of countries outside his own country than any other stay-at-home people upon earth. A nation like ours, who own or govern about a fourth of the world, are intimately connected in almost every family with responsibilities far afield. Most of us have travelled widely and had to do with all sorts and conditions of men. Even our labouring classes have connections and correspondence with relatives and friends all over the earth. Your people, outside that fraction who are either very cultivated or travelled (I don't mean the Cook's tour type of travelling), always strike those of us who really know your country as extraordinarily provincial. It could not be otherwise. Now you may have double the population of this island (territory doesn't count, for we own far more), and you may be richer, thanks to the war; but you won't find educated Europeans giving, on that account, a place after you to a nation that owns a fourth or fifth of the world, and in India alone governs with great ability a people of an old civilization and twice the population of the United States. Decadent! My goodness! If you'd seen this war you wouldn't talk such pitiable stuff. For vitality of action and invention in air and sea alone, there has been more done by our people in the last few years than the world ever dreamed of.

It is interesting to note that the average American thinks the average Englishman a huge joke. The Germans did not find him so! What you mean, I take it, is that the lower class Englishman drops his H's, while the average American talks, according to your books and papers, a half intelligible slang jargon through his nose. I know the "average" of both nations pretty well. There is no question whatever that the working class Englishman nowadays treats his language and his grammar incomparably the best of the two. The American since I first knew him is sadly "decadent" in this respect. It is also interesting to find that an individual in Chicago is a better judge of the resources of the German military power in the spring of 1918 than Sir Douglas Haig. Well! Well!

It certainly seems as if a country of 110 millions should be greater than one of 45 millions, especially when infinitely enriched by the heroic losses of the latter. So long, however, as our flag flies over about a quarter of the earth, I don't think the nations of the world, such as like us and such as don't, are likely to give us second place. Facts are facts, whatever you may think in Chicago. After all, there is something in a great and ancient name and traditions. Perhaps this is not understood in Chicago. But so much the worse for Chicago with all its cash. Nor can I understand a person who comes of English stock raving against the land of his fathers. Most of my American friends, who mostly belong to the old Anglo-American

stock, are very proud of their English descent, as you can't very well descend from indigenous Americans. It is natural to be proud of the country that gave its laws, language and literature to your own—unless of course you would prefer to be of German origin, or a hyphenate of some other breed.

Why you should turn your quarrel with the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW into an arraignment of your mother country is singular. We don't worry about what Americans are thinking and saying of us. I am writing to you, as I have been much connected with the United States and regret such an exhibition as yours in the SATURDAY REVIEW. We are the most tolerant people on earth, too much so; and much too polite to other countries when they are not polite to us, like your egregious senators, who seem to have just now neither manners nor even common sense—as regards us. Apparently the SATURDAY REVIEW had been saying something *re* the unpopularity of the American troops with the French. This is unfortunate, but it really is a fact. I have heard of it as such from all my friends in France, and several French writers have descanted upon it in the Press, as it was quite a surprise. According to them and my informants, the cause seems to have been too much boasting and bragging, and an inability to distinguish between the women who were accessible and those who were virtuous, which I believe caused a great to-do. The American troops behaved very well in this country. But the French do not seem to have liked them, which, as "ancient allies" is rather sad. An Englishman never brags, it is not tolerated; and the French had of course associated so long with our men that they felt a contrast in this respect.

[The above is another letter forwarded to us by Mr. Wade, like that of "Canadian" in our last issue. It was addressed to him by an Englishman.—ED. S.R.]

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your review of Sir Chas. Walston's 'Truth' has made a considerable impression upon me, and I am determined to read the book on your recommendation. No newspaper has a greater right to advise the public to divest its mind of cant, and try to weigh up facts dispassionately in the scales of truth than the SATURDAY REVIEW, and one of the main reasons why I read the SATURDAY REVIEW, is because of its intense passion for truth. Yours was, therefore, the paper above all papers wherein the review of such a book should appear.

If the Government, and the people had, as you have all along advised, during the last ten months, realised the truth of the attitude of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Smillie, and had stood up to them before "the bomb-shell exploded under their very noses" last week, we probably should have been saved the misery of the railway strike.

But is not the dislike of recognising the truth, one of the few disadvantages, among innumerable benefits, that are provided by the systems of religion under which we live? Religion as we accept it (apart from morals and ethics) is undoubtedly based upon self-deception and mental dope. Most of us suspect that many ministers of religion preach dogmas which those same ministers themselves realise they cannot justify, and even dare not analyse. Moreover, religion seems to have no use for adherents who refuse to accept beliefs which they cannot arrive at by logical processes of thought. Religion seems to be frightened of an analysis of what it teaches, and falls back on a demand for "Faith." In other words, on mental dope, and self-deception. Thus our religious beliefs are polluted springs of truth and bring about the mischiefs deplored by Sir Charles Walston, and described in your illuminating article.

Let us divest our minds of cant even in this, and realise that our National education towards moral conduct is, unconsciously, or consciously, based upon the teaching of one or more of the various religions cultivated in this country. The trouble is that these reli-

gions are not supported by mental honesty. The truth is shirked, and the Nation consequently acquires the pestilential habit which you describe as self-deception, and to which I ascribe many of our National troubles. I would be glad, for example, if I could think that the League of Nations is going to effect what it professes to be able to effect. But if we analyse the League of Nations in the light of what has happened during the last ten months, if we are truthful with ourselves, we must see that to place any reliance on the efficacy of the League of Nations, as proposed by Mr. Wilson, is merely another act of self-deception on our part.

Are we not deceiving ourselves about Ireland, and the Housing problem, although the Housing Scheme is breaking down under our very eyes? Or about the reduction of Staffs in Government Departments, in face of the fact that they have increased in numbers since July 31st? We lie to ourselves, and on discovering that we are wrong, in telling ourselves that two and two make five, have to change our policy, and our relations with other Nations, who thereupon call us perfidious.

Your obedient servant,

P. PILOT.

Manchester.

P.S.—You will notice I have Anglicised my name. That is because (my father being of Armenian descent) I have followed the war practice adopted by many other Mancunians.

BULWER LYTTON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As you invite me to make the best of five charges brought against Bulwer Lytton in your review of Mr. Gosse's recent work, I have much pleasure in doing so; but first I would remark that Mr. Gosse, like myself, rendered assistance to the Earl of Lytton when he was preparing the biography of his grandfather; and the author acknowledges Mr. Gosse's help in one paragraph and mine in another. Mr. Gosse subsequently wrote an article on Lytton in the *Fortnightly*, and there was an error in this article which I corrected in your columns on 6th December, 1913.

I would not say myself that my friend Mr. S. M. Ellis edited the story of Lady Lytton, but rather that he published a collection of letters from Lady Lytton to Mr. H. E. Chalon, and wrote a short biographical Introduction and Conclusion, based mainly on the 'Life of Rosina, Lady Lytton,' by Miss Louisa Devey, published in 1887. This latter is one of the works which I criticise in my own work on Bulwer Lytton.

To come, however, to the five charges. (1) He seduced his wife before marriage. That is true, but then he honourably married her, although she was not expecting a child, and whilst his mother was so bitterly opposed to the match as to stop his allowance. After that he was practically dependent on his pen, and slaved away to keep his wife in luxury, though I fear she did not appreciate it. The first child was born ten months after marriage.

(2) He assaulted his wife by kicking or biting. The kicking I do not admit to be true, nor is it certain that the biting is true either. I did not suggest that the bite was only a little one, but I suggested how it was that his rage found vent in this particular way if it really did so. I mentioned, however, that there is another story concerning the origin of the wound in the cheek, and I will now give it as recorded in my book, page 82. It is that Bulwer left the room in a rage; that his wife rushed after him and took hold of him just as he had passed through the door; that he flung his arm back and threw her off, when she fell and cut her cheek on the edge of the door. Whatever really happened, Bulwer, as I said in my last, wrote a letter of contrition.

(3) His only daughter died with no relative near her. In my book (page 115) I say: "The doctors said that the patient should not be seen by either of her parents, as the excitement of the interview might make her worse." Lady Lytton, however, went to the house and saw her daughter lying unconscious.

(4) He kidnapped his wife and had her placed in a private asylum. If he had sufficient medical evidence to make him believe that she was mad, why should he not have done this? *I showed in my last that some of his friends also desired it.

(5) After he had succeeded to the Lytton property he allowed his wife £400 a year. He had allowed her this by agreement at the time of the separation in 1836, although he was dependent on his pen; and when he succeeded to the Lytton property in 1844 his grandson says: "Owing to diminished rents caused by the heavy fall in the price of wheat, and the increasing cost of his children's education, Bulwer Lytton's settled income was not in fact materially increased by his succession to his mother's estate." However, in 1858, in spite of his wife's dreadful conduct, he paid her debts and increased her allowance to £500 a year.

Before closing, I should like to add to my reference to Lytton's funeral at Westminster Abbey that towards the end of the service the choir sang, to Handel's music, "His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth evermore." Professor Jowett preached a sermon about him in the Abbey on 2nd February, 1873, which was afterwards published. It introduced an extract from the sermon which Lytton puts into the mouth of Parson Dale in 'My Novel'—one which, I think, shows that the novelist could write a sermon as effective as are many that are written by the clergy.

Yours faithfully,

W. A. FROST.

16, Amwell Street, E.C.1.

[It was not from Mr. Gosse's book, but Mr. S. M. Ellis's, that we extracted the five charges. With regard to 4, Mr. Frost ought to know that in the earlier half of the last century the Lunacy Laws were scandalous. The Vicar Choral seems to think it an excuse for kidnapping his wife and shutting her up in a private asylum that some of Bulwer's friends desired it! Bulwer Lytton's great literary talent—whether genius or not—we do not deny. But he was a blackguard, and that he should have been buried in Westminster Abbey is a stain on the reputation of the Dean and Chapter. That a Vicar Choral of St. Paul's should defend or try to defend an infamous man because he was famous is indeed edifying.—ED. S.R.]

MEMORIAL INSCRIPTIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—If the authorities are in quest of a suitable inscription for the Whitehall cenotaph, it is to be feared that they will not get very much help from the competition instituted by an enterprising Sunday newspaper (*Illustrated Sunday Herald*), although more than thirty thousand persons are said to have taken part in it, including the editor of the *Spectator* and several ladies of title. The form of words for which the prize of £100 has been awarded—"the blood of heroes is the seed of freedom"—is of course an adaptation of the old saying, *martyrum sanguis semen ecclesiae*. The blood of heroes is the price of national independence, but hardly perhaps of freedom in the ordinary sense of the word, i.e., the liberty of the individual to do as he pleases. Amongst the metrical inscriptions composed specially for the occasion, the first place is assigned to Mr. Strachey's couplet:

These do not need our praise, our prayers, our tears:

We need their faith, their courage through the years. This is very true, and highly edifying; but is it appropriate that we who erect the cenotaph should say so much about ourselves and our own needs? If any new and original verse is to be inscribed on the monument, it ought surely to be of a quite simple and straightforward kind. Any attempt at the clever or the brilliant would be out of place. How would something like the following do?

Eternal honour to the true and brave,

Who for their native land their life-blood gave.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

VERSIFICATOR.

THE OMEN OF SHANTUNG.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In an article under the above title, in your issue of the 13th inst., the author asserts that America has lost faith in the League owing to the Shantung settlement; and goes on to argue that the conception on which such a faith must be grounded can "only thrive widely among a people never threatened by hostile neighbours, never confronted within the confines of their vast continent with the need for expansion which has imperilled wave after wave of peoples across Europe."

That America has lost faith we hope and believe to be an ungrounded assumption; and the Shantung settlement provides very much stronger arguments for the League than against it. For the Covenant is the only means available by which treaties can be revised and ill-conceived settlements may be bettered. So far from estopping herself from "protesting in the future against further and unlimited encroachments by Japan in China" by subscribing to the Peace Treaty, the United States could, under Article XI, not only protest, but associate the whole League with her in giving effect to a well-founded protest.

The author's theory that faith in the League can only thrive in countries which are not living under the menace of war appears somewhat paradoxical. The protection of peoples threatened by hostile neighbours, and the finding of outlets, without violence, for elemental forces—such as expansion due to over-population—are the chief functions, in fact the very *raison d'être*, of the League. Cynics and fatalists may believe that such problems are only soluble by wars; but in these days they will scarcely persuade mankind to acquiesce in such a "naive conception."

I am, Sir, etc.,

H. H. WADE.

Lieut.-Colonel.

Editor in Chief,

League of Nations Journal.

22, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

SACK THE LOT!

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Lord Fisher's wonderful command of English still leaves one point somewhat obscure. "Sack the lot." What lot? Our officers of the Royal Navy?

We know that these men are now in receipt of a very adequate income from their grateful country (most adequate—on paper). At the same time many of them are being sent off on half-pay because there are not enough jobs to go round!

Yours faithfully,

K. C. M. DENNE.

Sesame Club,

29, Dover Street,

Piccadilly, W.1.

PHYSICAL DRILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I hope you will allow me a short space in which to add emphasis to the emphatic and useful letter of Col. Netterville Barron. Yes, indeed, "the strength of these young ladies' legs" is of moment, if not to themselves, to their children. The case is a much worse one than that of a few thousand more or less picked W.R.A.F.'s. I have made this miserable subject a study for about three years, and in the *National Review*, 1917, wrote an article on Deformed Feet in Women, and later in journals such as the *Lancet*, *Nature*, and the *Daily Mail*. Col. Barron is correct in suggesting that the legs of women require improvement, but the outward and visible sign of it is to be found in their deplorable ankles and feet, which with charming levity and audacity they display in our streets below their short skirts. I have now observed some thousands of cases, and noted carefully two thousand in various large centres of population; and I find in them nearly 90 per cent. with flat-foot, incipient or pronounced. Some of these are examples of hideous splay-foot (even these in shortened skirts) and

many walk like dachshunds, and the majority walk well enough, and show their flatness of foot and incipient failure of their arches only to a practised observer. Anyhow, here they are in abundance, for all to see, and at present their short skirts allow us all to observe this prevalent and disabling deformity. If we continue to find them wearing such short garments, I anticipate that public opinion will be forced to look upon a moderate degree of splay-foot as normal, that is if women don't get soon angry, alarmed, and candid as a sex, and then set to work, with a little of the energy they showed in getting a vote to remedy the plastic ankles of the children, boys and girls, in the elementary schools. There is no conceivable remedy but improvement of general health and systematic foot and leg drill in the very young.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
WALTER KIDD, M.D., F.R.S.E.
2, Suffolk Square, Cheltenham.

MAGIC AND SUPERSTITION.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The article on this subject opens up a wide field of thought. The writer speaks truly when he says that we only label these things to-day with a different name. But does not this very fact prove that there always has existed and always will, an inherent belief in unseen and uncomprehended forces? I am a student of the Occult—very sceptical—very cautious. I have found a terrible amount of fraud and deception, but there is always a small residue of the real thing. Everything worth having gets imitated. There would be no sham pearls if there were no real ones. I heartily agree with the author of that article when he deprecates that trickery and quackery have made many earnest scientists afraid to touch the subject. All the more honour to those who have gone bravely forward, who have washed the earth for gold—and found it.

Your correspondent's experiences of the Poltergeist are deeply interesting. Personally I have never been convinced of the genuineness of such happenings. His testimony is valuable, for he is obviously honest, too intelligent to be deluded, and so biassed against a supernatural explanation that at least one knows there is no danger of any bias for it. But it is impossible to agree with his deductions. He states that inexplicable as the happenings in the African hut were, he did not get the impression of a conscious intelligence at work. In support of this idea he refers to the pointlessness and silly nature of the phenomena, and he asks why—if it was a conscious entity that lifted from the floor a piece of cloth and tore it in half—why it could not tear up the Governor of the Province? I don't know who the Governor referred to is, or why your correspondent wants him to be torn up. But may I point out that possibly the operating intelligence had not the power to tear up the Governor, and possibly did not wish to. Assuming for the moment that some conscious discarnate intelligence was at work, it is obvious that no one knows anything at all of the conditions under which it exists, or is enabled to manifest. Is your writer one of those who still think that all denizens of another world must be angels sitting on clouds, and playing harps? Can he not imagine that there may be there foolish people who take a delight in absurd tricks, just as they do here? If there is any truth in what the Bishop of London says, that "a man five minutes after death is exactly the same person he was five minutes before," then it is obvious that there must be many of such a nature on the Other Side. Or possibly it is not a silly intelligence at all, but someone who finds himself enabled to humanly manifest in this way and no other, who is trying to attract attention by the only method possible to him. A blind man has to tap the ground with a stick to find his way. To another man, unable for some reason to see him, the tapping might sound pointless and meaningless. Or conceive a person sitting on one side of a screen, working a typewriter, and on the other side, a person who had never heard of the existence of such an instrument. The clicking he would hear would seem to him only irritating and senseless. In

short, what seems to us trivial here with our very limited senses and consciousness, may not really be so at all in the great scheme of things hidden from us. Who are we to say? We now see "as in a glass darkly." We only see a small piece of the pattern—we cannot judge of the whole.

Anyhow, I never can understand the extraordinary kind of argument which says "If it can do one thing, why can't it do another?" You might as well say, "If a man can make a good stroke at tennis one day, why can't he do it another?" Or, "If a person can paint a picture, why can't he compose a song?" If your correspondent can write an article, why can't he write poetry like Milton's?" He would be rather annoyed if he were denied a conscious intelligence, because he can't! The Whys could be asked indefinitely. There is no answer to them in this world. Very likely there is none in the next.

I am far from assuming that the phenomena of Poltergeist are the work of conscious intelligences. We must go further in our investigations before we can affirm that. I only submit that such deductions as your correspondent draws are not sound. It is something to get some reliable evidence of the genuineness of the phenomena at all. I have always said, "Let us first make quite, quite sure that the thing does happen—free from every possible suspicion of trickery. When we have done that, it is time to begin to inquire into the nature and cause."

Slowly, very slowly, we are making sure. Your correspondent's evidence is a valuable addition to the mass already accumulated, because one is inclined to believe it. But investigation into the origin of the phenomena will not, I venture to say, be assisted by such reasonings as his.

Yours faithfully,
LEILA BONSTEAD.

WHITE HORSES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Walter Winans' views about grey horses are at variance with those of Professor Ridgeway, as set forth in 'The Origin and Influence of the Thoroughbred Horse.' The latter says that grey is not a common colour among high caste Arabs, although it is admired from religious and spectacular motives. He regards it as an evidence of impurity of blood. He believes the blood horse, originating in North Africa and imported into Arabia through Egypt, was a dark coloured animal, if not bay, only with a white star and white markings on one or more legs. He says the English thoroughbred was tending to become almost wholly bay, through the severe test of racing causing only those most approximating to the original type to survive. The grey was much more uncommon in recent than in past racehorses. The rise of the Tetrarch family would tend temporarily to upset this state of things. It may be noted that a grey horse always has one grey parent. The frequency of grey horses in France and Flanders would be due to the crossing of often inferior Arabs and Barbs with European mares.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
GILBERT E. MOULD.
The Grange, nr. Rotherham.

APPLES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent has favoured your readers with an appreciable list, but why has he brought it to a close ere naming two of the finest dessert apples Europe has so far produced? Is there any acceptable reason for omitting them? Not proven, the verdict must read. Cox's Orange Pippin, and Pomme Calville are pleasing to contemplate, whilst as to flavour they remain in the foremost rank.

Bestow praise where it is due, and never neglect to bring into the limelight friends whose worth has been so fully established.

Your obedient servant,
AMICO DEL POMO.

6, Inverness Gardens,
Kensington, W.8.

REVIEWS

A GAY RAMBLER.

Echoes Old and New. By Ralph Nevill. Chatto and Windus. 12s. net.

THOSE who wish to pass a couple of evenings, oblivious of strikes and domestic worries, in the company of the prince of *raconteurs*, should buy, or borrow from their library, 'Echoes Old and New.' Mr. Ralph Nevill is almost without a rival in his own line of literature, lively and discursive essays on out-of-the-way persons and things. He rambles over paths and into valleys and nooks unvisited by "the general," and then presents the public with the notes of his researches. Strong and eccentric personalities in all countries and ages are Mr. Nevill's fancy. He begins with Henri de Lorraine, last Duc de Guise, and Cyrano de Bergerac in the Seventeenth Century; leads us through the Eighteenth Century with Casanova and "Old Q."; introduces us in the Nineteenth Century to "La Paiva" in Paris, and the heroes of the night clubs in London; and winds up with a hearty kick at the cranks, faddists, and Socialists of the "new world" in the Twentieth Century.

Mr. Nevill is what is called a Casanovist; that is, a profound student and admirer of the witty Venetian adventurer "who wander'd Europe round" in search of money and women. Casanova's various employments by great personages, his persistent and audacious play, his duels, were all side shows. His one object in life was to find a succession of women to fall in love with, and then to possess them, or to say so. He never seems to have thought of marrying any of his loves; and, what is stranger, his health was unimpaired by his whole-hearted devotion to a pursuit which Lord Chesterfield assured his son (though doubtless the old boy lied) "*n' a guère d'autre suite que de faire tomber le nez.*" For he died in 1799, in his seventy-fifth year, as librarian of Count Waldstein at his Château of Dux in Bohemia, his last words being, "I have lived as a philosopher and died as a Christian." Of the Casanovian school of philosophy there will always be plenty of disciples.

On the subject of Parisian *cocottes* Mr. Nevill is a recognised and unquestionable authority. Perhaps the best chapter in this volume is "La Paiva," the truly wonderful story of a Polish Jewess who rose, not so much by her beauty as by her brains and invincible will, from a starving nymph of the pavement to be Queen of the Parisian *demi-monde* in the Second Empire. "The Parisian *demi-monde*," writes Mr. Nevill, "is entirely unique, and in its higher rank includes quite a number of women who are clever conversationalists with an appreciation for Art." Thérèse Lachmann, born at Moscow in 1825, married a little French tailor, whom she quickly left, and went to Constantinople, thence to Paris. After many ups and downs, she made a penniless Portuguese nobleman marry her, and blossomed forth as Madame la Marquise de Paiva y Araujo. Her crowning stroke was the capture of a Silesian nobleman, with an enormous income from copper mines, Count Henckel Von Donnersmarck. She roused the Junker relentlessly, and built that wonderful house in the Champs Elysées, which is now the Travellers Club, where she gave dinners to the wits and artists of Paris. Renan, Sainte Beuve, Taine, Gautier, the Goncourts, Girardin, and Augier were among her guests. It is astonishing where literary men will go for a good dinner, for the rooms were cold and the conversation decorous to dullness. La Paiva, like most of her class when they take to keeping house, was prudish in conversation, "her ears being the chastest part of her body," as a French wit said. The whole story is fascinating.

If we must hint a fault in the book, it is that Mr. Nevill sometimes selects for his biographic art subjects that are not worthy of it, e.g., Gorani and Dermody.

In his concluding chapters Mr. Nevill deals with the England of to-day. Here he leaves pleasant bye-paths and enters upon the dirty highway of modern politics.

His detestation of the canting Socialist and the hypocritical politician we share, as we admit his damaging comparison of the vigorous individualism of former days with the present cowardly shifting of all responsibility and all burthens on to the shoulders of the State. We hate quite as heartily as Mr. Nevill the Fabian philanthropist whose business is other people's business, and we agree with Coleridge's dictum that the professional altruist is in nine cases out of ten unhappy in his home or unlucky in his pecuniary affairs. Mr. Nevill notes with observant sarcasm the outburst of luxury during the first decade of the present century. There is a rich sunset glow of wealth and pleasure which, when it occurs in the history of a country, always announces the coming of the night of disaster. In such a sunset basked the Romans in the reign of Hadrian; the splendid rays of the French Court in the eighteenth century warned Chesterfield of the coming Revolution. There can be no doubt that between 1890 and 1914 the life of the upper class in England reached a point of luxurious simplicity and artistic enjoyment never before achieved in any country. It was too beautiful to last: it was the fatal sunset that precedes the night. For though we have won the Great War, we have lost our civilisation. The type of British Society, that made us the model and the envy of the world, has been broken up by a confluence of causes, and can never be recovered. What it was like the youngsters who have not known it may learn from the pen of Mr. Ralph Nevill, a gay and expert Mentor.

"Where is the world of eight years past? 'Twas there—I look for it—'tis gone, a globe of glass!
Cracked, shivered, vanished, scarcely gazed on, ere
A silent change dissolves the glittering mass."

THE CHURCH'S HANDMAIDS.

The Ministry of Women. A Report by a Committee appointed by the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. S.P.C.K. 12s. 6d. net.

THE Report of the Committee appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to enquire into the history of women's ministrations in the Church has, by reason of its subject, an interest even for general readers. Over and above this, it has for the last three years been eagerly expected by a considerable number of persons who see in the actual ecclesiastical position of women the potentiality for far-reaching future changes. The Committee on rendering their Report added certain recommendations which they believed to follow naturally from the results to which their researches had conducted them. These include the licensing, under conditions, of women preachers, and the development of the so-called female diaconate on lines tending to greater effectiveness. These are certainly not to be considered counsels of timidity or reaction, and they carry all the more weight from the sober and scholarly method adopted by their advocates. Caution indeed, carried even to excess, is, as might be expected in the circumstances, a principal characteristic of these deliberations. It is, e.g., no doubt justifiable to disregard the alleged interpolation I. Corinthians xiv., 34th, or the suggestive eccentricities of Codex Bezae. But we are surprised at the assumption that the Pastoral Epistles were necessarily written by St. Paul. And it is surely a little cavalier to brush aside the opinion of such an authority as Duchesne concerning the early existence of deaconess-widows at Rome.

The Committee have noticed, though perhaps scarcely with sufficient emphasis, the pessimistic estimate of woman's capabilities, moral and intellectual, obtaining in the early centuries and tending inevitably to colour the policy of the Christian Church. The soothing and gentlemanly theory (which finds an exponent even in these pages), that sex-limitations conventionally imposed are a recognition, not of inferiority, but of *difference*, is indeed essentially a modern product unknown to the ancient world, whether Pagan or Christian. The Anti-Suffragist of the last twenty years was animated, as we know, by reverence for creatures too bright and good to be plunged into the turmoil of

public life. The Fathers would have been beyond measure astonished had anyone in their day proposed on this ground to justify the exclusion of women from the higher offices of the Church. We cannot help thinking also that the contributors to this volume have not given sufficient weight to the influence which such an inheritance of contempt must have exercised on the women themselves. Thus, Miss Alice Gardner, in her thoughtful essay on "St. Paul and Women," suggests that the Apostle did not intend altogether "to stop the speaking of respectable and capable women," such as Priscilla or Phœbe. We think that for Priscilla and Phœbe the difficulty would have been, not to obtain St. Paul's permission, but to vanquish their own nervousness. Memory need cast back no more than some thirty years to find abundant examples of women who had things of real value to say and full ability to clothe them in suitable words, but who would literally sooner have faced death than have opened their mouths in public. And if such was the terror inspired by a 19th century Anglo-Saxon audience, familiar with the ideals not only of chivalry but of fair-play, what must it have been in countries where both (as from man to woman) were unknown? We must add the further handicap of the veil, which St. Paul (in conformity with the respectable public opinion, Jewish and Pagan, of his time) imposed upon women desiring to speak. Can any of us imagine ourselves making speeches through a yashmak? It is no wonder if only women moved, or believing themselves moved, by the prophetic impulse, had courage to raise their voices under these conditions; and not much wonder if the results were such that St. Paul, who had probably been severely censured by the Conservative party for allowing an inferior sex even this degree of liberty, was finally goaded into withdrawing his sanction altogether.

In those sections dealing with the Anglican deaconess of the present and future, the most interesting feature for many readers is the discussion of the question whether celibacy should be considered a necessary condition of her profession. The persons most concerned are, we are told, unanimous in believing this to be the case. Their contention is that, though vows may be dispensed, it is otherwise with ordination, which confers an indelible character. The deaconess, in their view, is not necessarily on a higher spiritual level than the married woman. Simply, she is ordained to duties incompatible with domestic cares. It is a position deserving all respect and sympathy, and we can well understand that celibacy would be the rule for women who feel themselves called to deaconess work. But we do not think it should be allowed to crystallise into a rule admitting of no exception. Other duties besides the pastoral care are recognised as appropriate to men in Holy Orders. We may instance teaching, secretarial and such-like posts in charitable institutions and societies, and some forms of literary activity. We confess our inability to perceive that the position of mistress in a Christian household is more incongruous than any of these. We have all known clergymen who, either by reason of ill-health or of some occupation like those just mentioned, held no cure of souls, and so far from causing scandal, were of a singular comfort to over-tasked clerical brethren whom they were able, occasionally, to assist. We do not see why, *mutatis mutandis*, the same might not be true of a married deaconess.

Among those who have contributed articles are Bishop Maclean, Dean Armitage Robinson, Canon Mason and Dr. C. H. Turner. We may also mention Appendix IX. by Mr. F. C. Eeles, on 'Ministries of Women in and since the Middle Ages,' containing many curious particulars. There are over a dozen illustrations, representing nuns and canonesses of different orders.

TRINKETS.

Antique Jewellery and Trinkets. By F. W. Burgess. 142 illustrations. The Home Connoisseur's Library. Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.

TRINKETS are, if not as old as time, at least as old as man. From the amulet hung round the neck of the new-born babe to keep it from the evil eye to the

jewels and the beaten gold laid about the neck and on the breast of the dead prepared for their last journey, they live with, they are part of man. Their story, therefore, is man's also, and any book upon a subject so immense is bound to touch on matters of high interest. From the fine gold discs which made the pectorals of Mycenæan kings to the mosaics and cameos of our Victorian grandparents and the pierced shells of the Papuan savage, the underlying idea is that of self-decoration; and the greater civilisation has this advantage over the lesser, that its ornaments are drawn from a wider field. Where the Roman lady wore pearls from Britain and rubies from the East, where the Englishwoman appears in diamonds from the Cape and amber from the shores of the furthest Baltic, the Greenlander must be content with walrus ivory, the Fijian with his native shells and corals or the imported beads of the trader. But in wrought jewellery, the product of the goldsmith's art, it is not always the great civilisations that have the greatest craftsmen. No one would call Etruria, with its fierce religion and superstitious under-world beliefs, the land of highest culture, yet its goldsmiths' work is unsurpassed, of infinite delicacy, taste and skill; none would rank early Celtic Ireland with Rome in her imperial glory, yet Celtic jewellery is of rare interest and charm. No, a high standard of national taste does not mean of necessity national greatness, but it does mean an appreciation of the Art of Life, and does sometimes co-exist with national greatness. To the Greek of the generation of Aristophanes the height of Greek history was that great age which had defeated the Persians; and Marathon the colossal was coeval with such marvels of minute elegance as the bronze necklace in the British Museum, a gold replica of which, at the Victoria and Albert Museum, is pictured on p. 88 of the book before us. It is composed of 24 round beads, delicately granulated and graduated so as to support with due effect a bronze head of the river-god Achelous in the ripe archaic style, satisfying to the eye both in detail and in general effect. General effect is often the weak point of Celtic jewellery, careful detail of Renaissance work; the best Greek goldsmiths' work combines both in equal perfection. Thus in the Greek intaglio ring the scale may be incredibly small, yet the result may have the grandeur of a gigantic statue, and the half-inch figure be more truly in the Grand Manner than the restless masses of the Laocoon itself. The great ancient cameos, again, such as the "Grand Camée de France," with its epitome of the glories of Augustus, or that other bearing the Return of Germanicus from Germany, the larger a bare 13 inches across, are grander than roods of such frescoes as those in certain chambers of the Vatican, or all the sprawling saints of Verrio and Laguerre. With the decline of the influence of the Papacy and the decay of superstition, we in the West have given up many of the mediæval uses of jewellery. The making of pilgrims' badges, for instance, is a lost art, though the Thames and the Medway are full of them, dropped by pilgrims to the shrine of Becket; like the pilgrims whom Erasmus met, they must have been "covered on every side with images of tin and lead." But the great patron of such images, as all Scott's readers know, was Louis XI., with his devotion to Our Lady of Loretto; these badges indeed form a curious parallel to those shrines of Diana made by Demetrius for her pilgrims which made him object so strongly to the teaching of St. Paul in her city of Ephesus.

It is astonishing to reflect how many artists have had their first training from jewellers. Hogarth is one, almost his earliest work being the engraving of his master, Ellis Gamble's, trade-card, illustrated in the work before us; impressions of his engraved designs on a silver dish were actually taken off and numbered by an intelligent silversmith some years later. Moser, the first Keeper of the Royal Academy, was another. He began life by enamelling trinkets for Grignon, the watchmaker in Covent Garden; and Ghirlandaio, the Garlander, and Francia were both jewellers' assistants. Benvenuto Cellini, George Heriot, Sir Hugh Myddelton of New River fame (here (p. 59)

amazingly called Richard) were others whose very names suggest romance, and all were royal jewellers.

Snuffboxes too—a book might be written upon them alone; and save for the cheapest and most uninteresting sorts, all were enamelled or engraved. Handles for sticks and canes, pencil-cases, seals, fob-chains, shoe, knee and hat buckles, and every sort of plate, all needed the skill of the jeweller, whose craft covered a variety of objects now either not used at all or engraved by machinery.

There is much useful information in the book before us, and the illustrations are good, but its standard can be fixed from two details, the use of the words "curio" and "lady friends." We cannot even begin to criticise its shortcomings. There is no list of chapters and none of authorities; the index is very imperfect; Mme. de Pompadour is described as a favourite of the wrong Louis; the whole section on classical art, particularly that on cameos, is grotesquely inaccurate and inadequate, notably in the table of types on pp. 190-2. We can, however, inform the author that the flint "napper" is not dead in Sussex, as he believes; if he will look at the recently completed second quadrangle of Lancing College, he will find flintwork as good as anything of earlier date. We would also direct his attention to the fact that the word "flowerette" has not been so spelt since the days of Chatterton; and would seriously ask for a detailed reference to the "pastoral acted in Norwich in 1631," since the quotation on p. 239 is of real interest. If Mr. Burgess can get a scholar to evict such forms as "Eurania" (p. 191), "Aesculanus, goddess of the mint" (p. 190), and to correct such statements as that the thunderbolt is one of the commoner attributes of Apollo (*ibid.*), both he and his readers will gain by the process.

MORE ABOUT KUT.

In Kut and Captivity. By Major E. W. G. Sandes, M.C., R.E. Murray. 24s. net.

OUR author's business was to build bridges, and he did it well. His soldierly narrative conveys a capital idea of the labours of the Engineers during the advance to Ctesiphon and the retirement to Kut. It is notorious that the Indian Government starved the expedition, and we get an illuminating dialogue between Major Sandes and General Nixon on the vital matter of pontoons. Only eighteen were authorised. How many were really wanted, asked the impetuous Nixon; a hundred, two hundred? The Major thought that another fifty would do; but they never arrived in time to help the luckless 8th Division. Despite this poverty of material, the train accomplished great things. On one occasion the bridge was dismantled by the late afternoon, and then, in consequence of fresh orders, tired men working in the dark threw it across the Tigris in three and a half hours. This perpetual making and unmaking must have been a severe trial to the patience. Finally, there came the sad day when Major Sandes, who had already lost his pontoons, had to look on while his precious bridge was blown up with gun-cotton charges. He had constructed seventeen bridges between March and December, 1915, averaging between 220 and 250 yards in length.

The story of Kut has already been told from without by Mr. Candler, but we heartily welcome this well-considered account from within. Major Sandes is chary of criticising his military superiors, and maintains an Herodotean impartiality on the point of the advance from Amarah. Some thought it advisable; others that the place should have been held to cover Basrah; it is not his business to discuss the question. From his description of the battle of Ctesiphon, a little too detailed to convey a clear impression to civilians, there emerges the inexorable conclusion that an attempt was made to accomplish with one division a task for which two were barely adequate. The Turks had been reinforced by crack troops from Erzerum, and Khalil Pasha, a resolute commander, had arrived to stiffen the vacillation of Nuruddin. Was General Townshend justified in halting at Kut, instead of continuing his retreat to Amarah? His reasons were set

forth in an order of the day, and their importance cannot be gainsaid. He held up the whole Turkish advance, and maintained territory won at the expense of much blood; he gave time for reinforcements to arrive from Basrah and for the Russians to move on Baghdad. On the other hand, he allowed the Turks to come up and immobilize a whole division before it had received sufficient additional strength to defeat the enemy. The cons. outweighed the pros. "The entanglement of Ladysmith," in short, found its counterpart in the entanglement of Kut, much as Waggon Hill was repeated in the desperate effort of the Turks to take the outlying fort on Christmas Eve. Spion Kop, too, had its sequel, and we are glad that Major Sandes has a good word to say for General Aylmer and General Gorrington when they failed to pierce scientifically prepared positions across waterlogged plains. Khalil Pasha owned that he could never anticipate the point of Aylmer's attack, and declared that it was pressed with the largest force possible.

Major Sandes is rigidly objective; he sets down plain facts, and leaves his readers to rely on their own imaginations. What were the officers' feelings when they realised that General Gorrington could not break through; when the white flag appeared; when they were told that, thanks to Enver Pasha, Turkish prisons; not India, were to be their destination; when steaming up the river they saw the fatal city sink beneath the horizon? We are left to guess, since Major Sandes dismisses the siege with the matter-of-fact remark that it had lasted 143 days as against Ladysmith's 120. A Latin would lay bare his heart when he came to these soulful crises, but that is not our British way. There is, besides a certain insincerity in reconstructing one's emotions by a comfortable study fire, and perhaps those emotions do not amount to much after all. One of Major Sandes's brother-officers, when questioned as to his sentiments when about to trek across the desert, replied that he merely regretted he could not lay hands on a stout blanket. And, for those who read intelligently, there is ample material to interest them in these honest pages, from the "O.K." shot on a Turkish gun which saved Kut from being pulverised with big shells filled with high explosive down to the cannibal mules which thrived on a diet of cooked mule flesh mixed with salt and bran.

The indomitable spirits of British officers in captivity find in Major Sandes a conscientious interpreter. He acquits the Turks of deliberate cruelty, but convicts them of callousness barely to be distinguished from cruelty. Thus, when it reached Yozgad, Kidzian Bey kept the first echelon for three weeks strictly confined to two small houses, treating them like desperate criminals. It is a plain tale of exhausting tramps across the uplands with a few hours snatched for such sleep as the bitter cold rendered possible, of jolting journeys in filthy railway vans packed almost to bursting, of hunger and vermin. After Lieut. Jones's ingenious Welsh cryptogram had reached England, the treatment improved and parcels began to arrive, but in the most haphazard fashion. Major Sandes by no means neglects the terrible sufferings of the rank and file, restricting himself for the most part to quotations from official reports. At Mosul he took on as his orderly Private Pringle, who, taken prisoner in Aylmer's advance, had been made to march most of the 400 miles without boots. He proved quite a good orderly, remarks the Major in his staid way. We are not sure, all the same, that his story of Kut is not rendered more remarkable by his resolute avoidance of fine writing.

EAST AND WEST.

Java Head. By Joseph Hergesheimer. William Heinemann. 7s. net.

IN Mr. Hergesheimer's new novel, 'Java Head,' he has full scope for his brush. We use the word deliberately, for he works in colour rather than in black and white. The story is laid in Salem, a New England port, in the early part of the 19th century. It deals with the fortunes and the loves of the Ammidons, a family of merchants and merchant captains, who have

built up the thriving firm of Ammidon Saltonstone, and in particular with Gerrit Ammidon, master of the *Nautilus*. The *Nautilus* trades with China, and Gerrit returns from one of his voyages with a Chinese wife, Tauon-Yuen, a Manchu lady of noble birth. He has married her in strange circumstances to save her from death, and his admiration is untouched by passion.

Then follows the growth of the intangible but inevitable barrier between East and West, and the return of Gerrit's affections to Nettie Vollar, who loves him, and to whom he has been attached in the past. Nettie's uncle—Edward Dunsack—an unsuccessful trader and an opium-eater, conceives an unbalanced passion for Taou-Yuen. Through his agency she learns of Gerrit's feeling for Nettie, and finally, to save herself from pollution by Dunsack, commits suicide.

Mr. Hergesheimer is a master of atmosphere. The tranquil leisure of the Salem houses, with their vines and their arbours, the broad sunny streets, sweet with the scent of lilac and magnolia, the wharves crowded with many coloured cargoes, the endless magic of the sea, of perilous voyages, of those who do their business in great waters, the secure common sense of the West, touched with something of the colour and the inscrutability of the East, all this and more lives for us and holds us.

In spite of an often subtle appreciation of the Eastern mind and attitude, it is with his characters that we think Mr. Hergesheimer less successful. They strike us as brilliant suggestions rather than people; the sketches for a portrait, not the portrait itself. We cannot help the feeling that the author has shirked them.

The Manchu remains, until within a few pages of the end, a gorgeous Bakst design rather than a living creature. Gerrit, William Ammidon, the head of the firm, his wife Rhoda, Nettie Vollar, are thrown on to the canvas with too few and too careless strokes.

And Mr. Hergesheimer's art disregards perspective. The minor characters in the book are given as much importance as the central figures, and on some of them Mr. Hergesheimer has bestowed more care.

Old Jeremy Ammidon, headstrong and heartstrong, with his passion for the sea and the firm, is more convincing than Gerrit; his sturdy little granddaughter Laurel, pantaletted and full of nautical phrases, more alive than Taou-Yuen. And the same can be said of the episodes of the story.

Mr. Hergesheimer cannot escape a climax in the suicide of Taou-Yuen. But he is too modern to acknowledge it as one. He leaves it, to end his book with a rather unsatisfactory and quite subsidiary passage between two of his lesser characters. Perhaps his defence would be that life does not pause for climaxes, and is no respecter of persons. At any rate his treatment rescues him from any touch of the melodramatic, in a situation fraught with the possibilities of melodrama.

"SWEET WATERS AND BITTER."

The Devil's Chapel. By Sophie Cole. Mills & Boon. 6s. net.

"WHERE the Lord has a church the devil has a chapel," an oracular utterance attributed to one of the characters in this story, finds its fulfilment apparently in the friendship between a girl of the people and a young man, her elder and social superior. Their intimacy, begun with no bad intention on either side, has later an evil influence on the heroine, who, in the light-hearted fashion characteristic of modern fiction, abandons an excellent husband in haste, to repent thereafter at leisure. There is obviously nothing original in this part of the story, but its earlier chapters have real charm and distinction. Molly Quain and her brother, illegitimate, though probably of gentle birth on both sides, owe their upbringing to the very genuine charity of a fisherman and his wife. The two children and their guardians are all well-drawn; the boy dreamy, imaginative, intellectual, his sister more practical and abundantly good-natured, but with lax notions of honour; the dour old Scotchman with his saving

passion for literature, and that lovable slattern his wife—the most appealing figure, to our thinking, in the book. "She was Cockney bred and born, and the love of the great city was in her bones." Her twenty-two years' exile in the country is endured by her with perfect good temper and cheerfulness, and sufficient fidelity to essential principles. But when left a widow with a hundred pounds, she falls most readily into the desire of her young wards to push their fortunes in the metropolis. Their early experiences there are delightfully described, and of a cheerful kind. All, in fact, prosper in their various lines. Molly, for her part, rises from the position of artist's model to that of artist's wife. Tragedy, in the shape of that friend already mentioned, crosses her path; but the conclusion leaves her, after a severely purgatorial experience, repentant and forgiven.

MURDER WHILE YOU WAIT.

Panther. By R. A. Foster-Melliar. Hurst & Blackett. 6s. 9d. net.

THE most striking feature in this novel is its tendency to the blending together, or rather to the placing in juxtaposition, of the real and the barely credible. Thus, the hero, a young solicitor newly started in a provincial town, and a sufficiently pleasant personality, has gained his nickname of "Panther" by unheard-of prowess in the football field; but is, *per contra*, extremely bad with a gun, and as a set-off to this, again, has a habit of achieving "fluke" shots which renders him the despair of his fellow sportsmen. The female villain, like Huysmans's well-known heroine, has a nocturnal faculty for haunting other people's dreams, her daytime occupation being a series of confidently artless attempts on the life and heritage of her stepdaughter. Yet some points in this lady's early history, and even in her current behaviour, suggest a study from actual fact. The stepdaughter just mentioned, in a general way quite a nice girl, is liable to frequent fits of temper which cause her to act like a lunatic, and leave her physically prostrate on their departure. If we add a millionaire who, as a precaution against fortune-hunters, proposes to cut off his only and idolised daughter without even the traditional shilling, and an heiress who from like motives conceals her financial position, we shall be ready to admit that the author has no faint-hearted scruples regarding the process known in slang phrase as "piling it on." But she has an agreeable touch both in narrative and conversation, and between sport, love-making and crime, has provided something to suit the taste of everybody.

UNFINISHED.

The Rogue's Progress. By Horace W. C. Newte. Mills & Boon. 7s. net.

IS Mr. Newte also among the "profiteers?" This is not so much a story as the beginning of one. Horatio Blood, whose roguish course it chronicles, is a stripling of seventeen when, in the opening scene, his father, a wandering tragedian, dies by the roadside; he is still a very young man—in years, if not in experience—when the narrative comes abruptly to a close. His character is little more than suggested in these 318 pages, and scarcely one of his adventures has the touch of finality. Almost the only definite thing in the book is this irritating announcement on the final page—irritating because it leaves unfinished the most dramatic incident in the book—"A continuation of this story, entitled 'The Gentle Bigamist,' will be published in due course." The interested reader must, then, buy another volume in order to ascertain who exercises the greater influence upon the fortunes of Horatio Blood—the alluring young woman who induces him to pose as her husband—to whom he bears a striking resemblance—because she knows her own lawful spouse is wanted by the police, or the charming little lady who, though she is the daughter of a race-course tout and is accustomed to sleep in barns, has the manners of a princess and the tenderness of a Lizzie Hexam. If this incompleteness is not a kind of "profiteering," it is certainly a form of "rationing."

THE MAGAZINES

THE 'NINETEENTH CENTURY' has a number of very good literary articles. A new and engaging light is thrown on the private life of the Right Hon. William Windham, Secretary of War, at the end of the eighteenth century, and identifying the "Pen" as Penelope Loveday. Mrs. Ellis Chadwick emphasizes the importance of Emily Brontë, whom, like a few good judges, we prefer to Charlotte. Canon Maclean publishes two entries from the Parish Register of St. John's, Huntingdon, showing that Oliver Cromwell had to do public penance in 1628 after being publicly admonished in 1621, and discusses the nature of the offence. We rather think we have seen in the Archdeacon's register (now in private custody) that he was summoned for "incontinencia," and there is in the Thomason Tracts, not indexed, a petition from a clergyman who claims to have married Cromwell's natural daughter. Sir Desmond O'Callaghan is amusing with stories of the spy-scares which ran through the country, and, Sir Lees Knowles tells the story of how the trade in horseflesh was legalised. 'The Future of Arabia' is an important account of one of the old storm-centres of the world, almost due for another eruption. Mr. Bouchier writes on 'The Scramble for the Balkans,' and Sir George Aston demands that a distinction be made in people's minds between "Military" and "Militarist." Two articles on Russia and Bolshevism are grounded on rather superficial information, and that hardly mensural. Mr. Marriott contributes the usual twelve pages.

THE 'FORTNIGHTLY' opens with an important account of Count Witte by the late Foreign Minister of Russia, A. Isvolsky. We cannot imagine why Isvolsky's name is spelt in German. The *w* is neither in Russian nor in any other language sounded as *v*. The character and achievements of Witte are duly recognised and carefully appraised by a first hand authority. Mr. Escott has a good article on 'The English Impressionists'—writers not painters—from Mahaffy to Laurence Oliphant. We should have hesitated to apply such a label to writers like Pater, for example; Expressionists would have suited them better. Mr. Sidney Low's 'Corrente Calamo' deals with the "might have beens" of the war, and the questions it has left unsettled. Col. Preston describes the taking of Damascus; Miss Montgomery shows how we do not understand Ireland, a fact most English people have already gathered; and Mr. Howe in 'Hazlitt and Blackwoods' is answering a recent paper of Mr. Whibley's. Mr. Machroy has something to say on the new Middle East—Persia, Armenia and the new republics of the Caucasus, and there is the usual 'Permanent Settlement of the Labour Trouble' and another on 'Labour's Mistake' in not advertising. In view of the last few days the reproach seems hardly merited.

THE 'NATIONAL REVIEW' counts among its contributors Mr. Richard Bagot on 'England and Italy,' reproaching us for throwing away all our inherited prestige in that country. Col. Preston (again) on the relief of Damascus, and Mr. Acworth on 'Railway Reconstruction.' Mr. Mahon has a good account of the Military position, of the Bolsheviks, and Lady Selborne has a note on the difficult question of labourers' cottages. Mr. Cope Cornford contributes a souvenir of "Lord Charles Beresford," as he continued to be called to his dying day.

'BLACKWOOD' gives a first-rate idea of the difficulties we have to solve in Asia Minor, and the feelings aroused by the Turk at home in "Autranik," who is an Armenian General. Mr. Whibley describes the Belgium of after the war, and Mr. Candler has another good story of psychical phenomena. Major Watson continues the story of the Tanks from August, 1917, and "Musings without Method" deal faithfully with the Working Man in the Lump. Mr. Storer Clouston's story begins to wake up.

'CORNHILL' continues Mr. Stanley Weyman's story and Sir George Aston's reminiscences, gives the story of John Peel and of a tiger hunt that saw no tiger, and of the making of the guns. The best thing in the number is Mr. Walkley's account of the Theatre in War-time. He is always interesting, and worth study.

THE 'MERCURE DE FRANCE' has this month the beginning of M. Jacques Blanche's 'La Jeunesse de Georges Aymers' and an interesting article on the influence of French symbolism on modern Spanish poetry. Perhaps some day our critical reviews will waken to the fact that there is a Spanish literature.

We have received the second number of 'COTERIE,' mainly devoted to poetry, but including some excellent drawings more than worth the price of the magazine. Cora Gordon gets a goose and a pig to perfection, Rothenstein has a wonderful André Gide, and there are others by Sickert, Lawrence Atkinson and Nina Hammett. A very good number.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE GREAT WORLD WAR. By F. Maynard Bridge. With 22 maps. W. Deane and Sons, The Year Book Press. 6s. net.

This History, which recorded events as they occurred, being begun in 1914, is purposely short, and aims at giving the average reader an intelligent general grasp of the War. This object it should, we think, achieve, as it is fortified by 22 maps on a good, clear scale which give essential details. The author would not claim finality, of course, for his views, but at least he expresses them in a pointed style which is attractive, and he does not plunge into 1914 without any indication of the circumstances which led to it. We read that the "Wait and See" Ministry of Mr. Asquith was succeeded by the "Do it Now" Ministry of Mr. Lloyd George. The author talks of "pill-boxes," but explains what they were. Some of the Kaiser's vainglorious remarks lend colour to the narrative. There is a capital page on "the U boats and Q boats," and "Peace Talk" is neatly summarised. On the success or advisability of certain manoeuvres on either side history will have to decide after more evidence than anyone has at present. What, for instance, was the situation in detail when the Germans broke through at St. Quentin, and can the policy of keeping reserves in England that were so badly needed abroad be really justified? Generally, we think Mr. Bridge writes judiciously on the facts available at the present time.

'THE NATURAL LAW,' by Charles Collins (Mills and Boon, 6s. net), is an American story of Ruth Stanley, who is engaged to be married to Dr. Webster. Ruth is a painter, and is asked to make a portrait of John Bowling, an undergraduate, of Columbia, in his running costume. The young people fall in love with each other, and there is a prospect of an unauthorised baby. Ruth appeals to Dr. Webster to help her escape this prospect, and he very naturally refuses. John Bowling leaves her in her distress to compete in the Olympic games, and after winning the Marathon race returns and marries her. The natural law of the title is left to the choice of the reader.

'THE INDIAN DRUM,' by William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer (Stanley Paul, 7s. net), is another American story, this time of Chicago and Lake Michigan. A young man, brought up in the Middle West in ignorance of his parentage, is sent for to Chicago by a millionaire ship owner, but finds on arrival that the ship owner has disappeared, leaving him in possession of a large fortune. The relations between the ship-owner and his junior partner, and a love story involving all three, make up an unusually good story, the solution of which is mixed up with the legend of the Indian drum, which beats for every death in the lake.

'THE EYE OF UNDERSTANDING,' by C. R. Milton (Melrose, 6s. net) is an Anglo-Indian story of the days of the War, whose working out depends on the spread of sedition among the native population and its furtherance by English religion-mongers. The heroine goes out to take charge of some native training colleges for teachers, and suffers many things from the workings of the red-tape of Government. We have found it interesting and well written.

'CARRION ISLAND,' by Draycott M. Dell (Jarrolds, 7s. net), is called a rousing buccaneer romance. The only feelings it has aroused in us are wonder that it should have been published, sorrow for the time lost in reading it, and surprise that anyone should have so greatly failed in utilising all the stock motives of pirate stories.

'THE MYSTERY OF GOLDEN LOTUS,' by Louise Gerard (Mills and Boon, 6s. net) is a romance whose scene oscillates between Monte Carlo and the Congo. The protagonists are Golden Lotus, a young woman of considerable personal attractions and great capability; Thorpe, a detective, in search of an escaped financial fraud, and Sidney Briant, a young man of leisure, in love with Lotus Fane. The parties meet again at Boma, where the mystery is solved and the detective, who has tried a little blackmailing on his own account, meets his reward. It is a well constructed and ably written story.

'A GALLANT LADY,' by Percy T. Brebner (Long, 7s. net), is a quite good re-handling of the stock elements of the "sword and cape" romance. It begins with a marriage of an unknown lady at the court of Louis Quatorze to a poor swordsman at his last resources for a sum of 500 louis paid down. But the poor swordsman is really the cadet of a very noble family, and the lady's name on the marriage contract is princely. Everyone believes, however, that she was represented by a young attendant. The lady's brother is heir to an independent duchy which Louis wishes to



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join to France. He is urged to make an attempt to seize it, while the swordsman is despatched on a message to the usurper. The fighting which ensues, and plots and counter-plots, and the boldness of the lady, keep us interested from start to finish.

'THE CACTUS HEDGE,' by Cecil Adair (Stanley Paul, 6s. net), grows round an old castle in Brittany, the lord of which is an iron-willed aristocrat of the olden type, whose fierce will has driven his son to flee from the narrowing influences of the place. Years after his wife, of humble birth, and his two children settle in a cottage near the Cactus Hedge, her husband having disappeared to escape the vengeance of the Mafia. The Cactus Hedge claims the boy, and the wife finds first a friend and ultimately a lover in a cousin of the family, who had settled in America. The book is a very good example of its kind, the sort in which Mr. John Oxenham is a master.

We have received some specimens of a new enterprise, 'The Modern Library,' from Messrs. Boni and Liveright, of New York, among them Schnitzler's 'Anatol, Living Hours, and the Green Cockatoo,' and Gertrude Atherton's 'Rezanov.' The books are nicely bound and well printed, and cheap, as things go, at 70 cents each. As most of the books are in English copyright, they are unlikely to be imported into this country.

HANDLEY'S CORNER,' by Kate Horn (Stanley Paul, 6s. net), introduces us to a garrison town during the war, and describes the flirtations of Marietta Brierley, her marriage with an impetuous Flight-Lieutenant, and what came of it. The heroine's mother has ideals of ladylike conduct sadly behind the times, and her sacrifices for her daughter's sake evidently do not compensate for the restrictions she imposes. The modern parent had better glance at this manual of instruction in life and manners.

'MARQUERAY'S DUEL,' by the author of 'Jenny Essenden' (Melrose, 6s. net), is a very clever romance of the political life of our day, complicated by the presence of a Jewish peer who turns his wife out to starve and allows his heir to be born in a work-house tainted by the allegation of illegitimacy. Marqueray is a forcible gentleman, much resembling one of Edgar Jepson's earlier heroes; a sportsman, international secret service man, and member of a Nihilist group, who treats women like a brute and has really the finest feelings. But the reader who begins the book will finish it.

'THE LEOPARD'S LEAP,' by Boxwallah (Melrose, 6s. net), deals with a flirtation begun on an Eastern-going steamer and its continuation and ending in Burmah. The Burmese part of the book is so good that we should have been glad to be spared the compound of adultery and obstetrics with which it is mixed. The side-lights on native beliefs are first-rate, especially the story of the re-incarnated man going to visit the old lady who was his wife in his former life and being received into the family. The psychology of the injured wife is well studied, and the book is ably written.

'THE SHERIFF'S SON,' by William MacLeod Raine (Melrose, 5s. net), is an Arizona story, very good of its kind, about a young man congenitally timid, whom circumstances force into fighting and matrimony with the daughter of a sort of freebooter chief. If we are to have American novels in England we prefer this kind, where the sentiment is naive and the adventures wild and woolly, rather than the sublimated vapours of the cultured Middle East.

THE RUSSIAN ALMANAC FOR 1919-1920 is edited by Miss N. Peacock, and the articles on Poland and Siberia have the imprimatur of Miss Czapliska; an ample guarantee of their accuracy. There is an extremely interesting article on the Ukraine by L. P. Rastorgoueff, giving an historical sketch of that much-talked-of country, and the origin of the Cossacks. It appears strange that neither Mazeppa nor Charles XII is mentioned, but the little monograph is nevertheless clear and enlightening. The same may be said of the information given regarding the border States: Finland, Esthonia, Lithuania and others. The natural riches of Siberia will come to most readers as a surprise, not to say a shock, like the existence of the Siberian Creameries Association, which seems to be a flourishing industry.

Following this history is a summary of the political and economical organisation of Bolshevik Russia, also by Mr. Rastorgoueff, and we are glad to have a clear statement of at least the theory of that institution. Its constructive idea is defined as "that of creating a Government in the interests of one class only, i.e., that of the labouring masses."

We have read with pleasure the Annual Italian Lecture delivered in June last by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, and now published for the British Academy by the Oxford University Press. Mr. Trevelyan begins by tracing the age-long friendship which has existed between England and Italy; closer at one time than at another, but continuous. It would seem that the national characteristics, though far from similar, are attractive to each other. Between statesmen the attraction doubtless lay also in their common descent from the statesmen of Rome: a descent intellectual in the one case and both intellectual and national in the other. "In our own day," the lecturer remarks with sad truth, "the classics have been dethroned without being replaced." One tie is thus loosened, but on the other hand we have the works of such lovers and exponents of Italy as John Ruskin, the Brownings, Shelley and Keats. In mid-Victorian days (the time of Garibaldi and after) Italian was always the second language in our school studies, and we hope it may be so again, if the incubus of the German irregular verbs is to be removed. There are infinite refinements and depths of beauty in the Italian tongue, and at the same time, it is easily mastered sufficiently to become a means of communication.

A KINGLY GRAVE IN FRANCE (Longmans, Green and Co., 8d.) might have been written by an early Christian. The little booklet is the story of a mother's journey to France to see her son's grave. Written for the guidance of others who may follow, and giving the most practical details, it is at the same time a little Gospel in its resignation and tender exaltation. The writer's name is not given; by her own account she is an old woman; but, old or young, she is a brave one.

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MOTOR NOTES

Road improvement is now a matter of urgent necessity, and it is satisfactory to see that in many districts efforts are being made to repair the deterioration our highways suffered during the war. Abnormal traffic and the lack of repairs reduced many important roads to a state of disintegration, and one hesitates to drive any decent car in certain localities. Other districts, which enjoyed an immunity from constant heavy traffic, were less seriously effected. It is probable that every effort will be made to put the main roads into a good state of repair as early as possible, and with the labour now available a big difference should be seen in these before next spring. In the heart of London and also in remote rural districts, we have recently observed extensive road repairs in operation, and although this matter generally has not yet been grappled with as one would like, a good deal of highway reconstruction is evidently taking place. On a recent tour in the Southern Counties we were agreeably surprised to find how good many of the main roads were. Those skirting the coast and connecting popular holiday resorts revealed some very bad stretches, but almost without exception the surface of the main road to London from the South Coast towns was better than we had expected to find it. Concluding the trip by a direct run to Town from Worthing we enjoyed a spin quite uninterrupted by bad surface. The famous road was in excellent condition throughout, and well atoned for the bumps we experienced on the charabanc-infested coast road from Shoreham and Brighton. The railway strike will no doubt leave its mark on the trunk routes, these being laden at the moment of writing with an extraordinary medley of heavy motor traffic. It is to be hoped that in future the whole matter of road maintenance will be dealt with on more systematic lines than in pre-war days. The

conflict of local and other interests formerly resulted in a rather chaotic state of affairs, and it is certainly due to the heavily taxed motorist that the roads throughout the country should be kept in a condition of uniform efficiency in future.

The question of road versus rail transport is too big a one for discussion on this occasion, but in one's inevitable reflections upon the railway strike one may profitably consider the claims of the touring motor car for commercial use. A number of the writer's friends having business in several principal towns were seriously hindered by the dual difficulty of no trains and no petrol. With the railway closed, and their own cars in enforced idleness, they looked round for any possible means by which they could get about their business. The writer was able to suggest one or two firms of touring car proprietors who specialised in hire work, and although some of the stranded ones had to wait a day or two until cars were available they were eventually all able to leave London by this means. After a week's business motoring in the hired cars these gentlemen wrote quite enthusiastically about it. Under more favourable conditions, they think, it would compare very well with railway travelling. The success of such a scheme depends chiefly upon the hire tariff and the time that is lost or gained by road travelling. On a straight-away run of several hundred miles the pre-war English train generally beat the car on time considerations, but when one's business calls one to places off the main lines, the car at once commends itself from many points of view. It is unlikely that pre-war railway facilities will be restored for some time, and when one remembers the 50 per cent. increase in fares, the difficulty in purchasing cars, and the cost of private motoring, the idea of business motoring by hire certainly commends itself just now to the man who must get about over long distances.

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FREDERICK HOTELS

THE TWENTY-FIRST ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Frederick Hotels, Ltd., was held on October 8th at the Hotel Russell, Russell Square, W.C. Mr. Ronald Peake the chairman of the company presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, having referred to the retirement from the board of Mr. Arthur Bird, said: The year under review has been satisfactory. The volume of business has increased, and the net profits show a corresponding increase. We should have been able to show even better results had we been able to carry on business at the Hotel Great Central, as the demand for accommodation in London was such that the hotel would have been continuously full. The hotel has now been handed back to us by the military authorities, and a large staff of workmen are engaged in the work of restoration. This work will take a considerable time to do, but I hope will be finished so as to enable us to reopen the hotel before the end of the year. Our claim in respect of the Hotel Bristol, Beaulieu-sur-Mer, has now been settled by the French Government. Sir John Bethell and I have been to Paris on several occasions to interview officials of the French Government, and after protracted negotiations we succeeded in making what we consider to be, in the circumstances, a satisfactory settlement. The compensation paid will be applied to renovating the hotel, making necessary improvements and additions, and paying off the expenses of the five years when no trading was done, consequently no credit item appears in this year's accounts for any part of the compensation awarded. The hotel will reopen for the forthcoming Riviera season, and we hope that good business will be done, and that the passport restrictions which might hinder many people from going to the South of France will be withdrawn.

The accounts are, I think, very clear, and do not call for much comment from me. Included in the trading profit is the payment of one year's compensation from the Government for the occupation of the Hotel Great Central. The net trading profit for the year amounts to £116,729, being £12,077 more than the preceding year. Out of this we have paid the debenture and mortgage interest, amounting to £37,350, two year's preference dividend, which takes £55,000, bringing the dividend up to date. We have also transferred £20,000 to contingencies account, to meet such repairs and renewals as we have been unable to execute on account of war conditions, and increased our carry-forward by £4,380. The amount now carried forward is £39,221. I am sure you will consider the result of the year's trading as satisfactory, and I should like to emphasise the fact that the increased profits are due to the more continuous occupation of the hotels, and not to excessive prices charged to hotel guests. The percentage ratio of profits to business done is less than it was last year.

With regard to the balance-sheet, contingencies account is increased by the £20,000 reserved. Larger stocks were held at the hotels than at the same time last year, so this accounts for the increase in stocks and debtor balances. Investments are increased by the purchase of £14,870 more of the company's stock during the year and of £50,000 worth of Five per Cent. Exchequer Bonds. The financial position of the company is a sound one. We have large liquid assets, we have cleared our arrears of Preference dividends, provided what we consider an adequate sum to put the hotels in a thoroughly efficient state of repair, and have a very substantial carry forward. A great many of our old servants have returned to us after their period of military service, and we are glad to take them back into our employment. The board still adheres to the policy adopted throughout the war of not employing any enemy alien subjects.

With regard to the prospects for the current year, we have again had a very successful season at our seaside properties, and the Hotel Russell has been so fully let that we are looking forward with confidence to doing very large business when the Hotel Great Central opens. The board, as heretofore, will provide the best possible in the way of service, food, and accommodation for our guests. This policy is a simple one, but it involves unremitting supervision, the closest attention to detail, and a thorough knowledge of our various hotels and the wants of our guests, and a capacity to consider and effect any improvement which will secure greater efficiency in the running of our business. I should like to acknowledge the services of all members of the staff, in whatever capacity they are employed, who have helped to bring about the excellent result which we are now considering. The company owe a debt of exceptional gratitude to the general manager and secretary—Mr. Macmurchy—whose untiring devotion to the business and interests of the company at all times, and more especially under the difficulties of the past four years, the board are able to appreciate at their great value.

Sir John H. Bethell, Bart., M.P., seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

SUMATRA
CONSOLIDATED RUBBER
ESTATES

THE TENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Sumatra Consolidated Rubber Estates, Limited, was held on Monday, October 6th, in the Council Room of the Rubber Growers' Association, Incorporated, 38, Eastcheap, E.C., Mr. P. E. Hervey (chairman of the company) presiding.

A representative of the secretaries (Messrs. M. P. Evans and Company) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that the report submitted to the meeting was in pleasant contrast to that presented at the last one. As many difficulties had then confronted the board, they had not hesitated to recommend that the financial resources of the company should not be weakened by the payment of a dividend, but, when the financial position became clearer, they had paid an interim dividend in January. During the greater part of the period under review the business of the company had been carried on under war conditions. Although ten months had elapsed since the armistice, it was not probable that the losses in shipping could be retrieved in much less than another year.

In view of the freight difficulty they had reduced the rubber crop, and the yield was 554,240 lbs. from the cultivated area of 2,150 acres. That was rather less than was anticipated, as the manager had been handicapped by the insufficiency of the labour force and the severe epidemic of influenza. There had also been some difficulty in procuring foodstuffs. Their adoption of the one-cut system of tapping, coupled with the fact that the labour force had been diminished for a time, fully accounted for the reduction in the rubber crop as compared with that of the previous year. There was no need for discouragement. The enforced limitation of output had brought in its train an increased cost of production, and estate costs had also been largely affected by the abnormal fluctuations in the Dutch exchange.

The estate was reported to be in good order, and the estimated yield for the new season was 700,000 lbs., whilst future crops were expected to be heavy. The manager had requested them to provide new machinery, and they proposed to discuss the matter in London with him at the end of the year. The profit for the year worked out at 4½d. per lb., but his feeling was rather to be thankful that they had done so well than to express regret that they had not done better. (Hear, hear.) With regard to the next account, prospects seemed fair. They had a substantial increase in the estimated crop of rubber; it was expected that the cost of production would be lessened, and, since June last there had been a rise in the price of crude rubber in London, prices having advanced from 1s. 8d. to 2s. 2½d. per lb. for first grades of crepe rubber and from 1s. 7d. to 2s. 2½d. per lb. for first grades of sheet rubber. Further, there would in future be a smaller liability for excess-profits duty, the rate having been reduced in the last Finance Act from 80 per cent. to 40 per cent., and as this company had suffered under this tax to a greater degree than most other companies, the halving of the tax was most welcome. Altogether the affairs of the company appeared to be in good case.

The reports and accounts were adopted and the formal business was transacted.

At a subsequent extraordinary general meeting a resolution was passed making certain alterations in the articles.

THE CITY

THE BOOM IN OILS—OUTLOOK FOR SOUTH AFRICANS AND RUBBERS—ARGENTINE RAILWAY PROSPECTS—LEOPOLDINAS AND ARAUCOS—LEVER BROTHERS EXPANSION.

To express the tone of the Stock Exchange one can think of nothing better than the words uttered by a responsible broker in the middle of the week: "We are going to see the biggest speculative boom—and on a cash basis—that has ever been on the London market." Perhaps he will prove to be totally wrong; but that is the sentiment of the "House." Oil shares have risen well above the level which reasonably discounts the visible future; but the public still buys and takes up the shares. The pace has been so rapid that it cannot last indefinitely; a reaction seems inevitable; but so long as the new, inexperienced, and so far successful, speculating public continues to buy, nobody can forecast a slump.

The idea prevails that, when Oil shares become obviously top-heavy, public interest will veer round to the South African market. Already business is broadening there, and the prospects appear most promising, but for the fact that the Kaffir market proverbially disappoints its supporters. Possibly this time they may not be disappointed. Certainly there is something to "go for"; the effect of the higher prices now being obtained for gold on the profits of the producing companies, especially the low-grade mines, has been indicated in this column; and the public has been slow to recognise the facts; but, if the markets once gain momentum, the public cares nothing for facts; it buys just because the other fellow is buying, and of such stuff are booms made.

Failing South Africans, it is suggested that Rubber shares have a good rise in store. This might be true if the new speculating public takes the rubber bit between its teeth; but the Rubber market is not an easy one to move, and although the broad outlook for the industry is encouraging, it is difficult to visualise a sustained upward movement.

In most markets prices are high: but the buyers take no notice of low yields and high prices. They are more or less obsessed with the fact that speculative profits are not assessable to income-tax, and everybody is keen on obtaining an untaxable profit, even if it involves the risk of a loss. The Chancellor might think it desirable to consider a scheme for taxing such profits; but it is an intricate subject, and it has always been held that if the speculator's occasional profits are made liable to tax, he should be able also to deduct his speculative losses from his total income.

The two more prosperous Argentine Railways, as expected, have declared increased dividends. The B.A. Great Southern Company pays 3 p.c. against 2 p.c. for the preceding year, the B.A. Western pays 4 p.c. against 2 p.c.; and the Central Argentine has maintained its 2 p.c. distribution. The outlook for these railways and for the B.A. Pacific is good, and the stocks should be held for bigger dividends in the current year. Leopoldinas are also worth buying. The stock has been depressed by French sellers taking advantage of the exchange rates, but with permission to increase its rates the company should do much better in future. By the way, the Arauco Railway stockholders are being offered £20 for stock which stood at £14 before the announcement was made. Somebody wants to secure control, and the price looks sufficiently attractive.

According to common gossip Lord Leverhulme has not yet finished buying up businesses for Lever Brothers. Presumably the Prices Patent Candle deal has gone through. It is rumoured that Levers now

want to buy Brunner-Mond's soap business, and that they are after J. C. and J. Field. John Knights shares are also being quietly bought. The Niger Company's shares are in good demand in anticipation of an optimistic report and meeting. Jumping from soap to the Niger Company is not such a wide leap as may appear, the Niger Company being interested in the sale of the raw material for manufacturing soap, among many other things from which it derives its income.

Grand Trunk securities have become very dull again after a spurt on reports that the difference between the company and the Canadian Government as to a fair price for State purchase would be put to arbitration. Judging from the offers that have already been made and rejected, it is surprising that the 4 p.c. perpetual debentures should stand as low as 61, and that the 5 p.c. first preference stock should be no better than 50. There seems to be a probable profit here for a speculator with even less pluck than is required to dash into Oil shares at present prices.

Reverting to Oils, it may be remarked that so far as such companies as Mexican Eagles, Shell Transports and Burmah Oil are concerned the holder may feel assured that there is solid value in the shares, even if there be a reaction; and he should not be cajoled into selling in order to exchange into some of the many doubtful mushroom concerns which are likely to be offered to him.

Many months ago Mr. Bonar Law prophesied that the financial problems of peace would be more difficult than those of the war. Apparently they are so intricate that they cannot be solved, but must be met by temporary shifts. The rise of one per cent. in the rates on Treasury bills is an instance. Though the war is over, the Government still has to borrow to pay for the war. The ideal solution of the problem would be to raise sufficient money by revenue to pay for all public services, including the service of the national debt. That is impossible; repayment of maturing loans can only be effected by fresh borrowing. The effort made by the Government to persuade holders of loans maturing at early dates (Treasury bills, Exchequer Bonds and National War Bonds) into long term loans (Victory Bonds and Funding Loan) was a failure, and of late the new sales of Treasury bills have been insufficient to meet the bills maturing for repayment. Consequently the Government has been obliged to borrow on Ways and Means advances to pay off three and six months bills.

This form of temporary borrowing from the Bank is the most pernicious of financial expedients. Not only is it bad policy, but it is one of the most potent causes of credit and currency inflation. Something had to be done to encourage the sale of Treasury bills; so rates were raised from 3½ to 4½ p.c. for three months bills and from 4 to 5 p.c. for six months bills; and, as Treasury bill rates govern all money rates, traders throughout the country will have to pay more for accommodation at a time when every manufacturer is, or should be, endeavouring to increase his export trade and fight foreign competition.

Marconi shares, which had been depressed by foreign selling, have made a sharp recovery and are "talked" higher. Courtaulds are being bought in the expectation that it may soon be possible to make a distribution of the valuable American assets, or to recapitalise the company to represent the value of those assets. Listers are a harder market after having been neglected for a time. The capitalisation of the reserves of Coats, the great thread combine, is now definitely under consideration, and it is expected that the preferred shares will participate with the ordinary in the bonus distribution. Dunlops are still being bought from Ireland, and there are many other promising features in the Industrial market.

FURNISS, WITHY

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING of Furniss, Withy and Company, Limited, was held on Thursday, October 2nd.

Sir Frederick W. Lewis, Bart., presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said:

The profits for the year ended April 30 last, including the balance brought forward, and after making provision for excess profits duty, amount to £873,083 8s. 3d. Out of this sum your directors recommend a bonus at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, free of income-tax, calculated on the new Ordinary share capital of the company. This, with the interim dividends paid, makes a total dividend for the year equivalent to 10 per cent., free of income-tax, on the new capital.

After making these alterations, and carrying forward £120,583 8s. 3d. to next account, there is left a sum of £300,000 available for appropriation. We have thought it desirable to recommend you to transfer the whole of this sum of £300,000 to the trades contingency account, increasing that fund from £700,000 to £1,000,000 sterling. In arriving at this decision, we are influenced by the fact that British shipping will be faced, in the not-far-distant future, with competition of a very serious and very strenuous kind, and it would be the utmost folly to close our eyes to this.

During the year under review your company and associated companies have lost nine steamers, principally by war risk. During the same period fourteen new steamers have been acquired. Since the close of the financial year a further eleven steamers have been purchased and delivered.

During the year under review your directors acquired a large interest in the well-known and old-established chartering firm of Messrs. H. Clarkson and Co., and at a more recent date we have extended our branch offices. Your directors have acquired the old-established business of William Thomson and Co., of St. John, New Brunswick, who, for very many years, have loyally and faithfully served this company's interest at that port. This acquisition will complete the chain of offices at all the Canadian and United States ports between Montreal and the Virginian seaboard, from which your company run regular services. At Havre, for the purpose of dealing with our United States-France service of the Prince Line, we have acquired an interest in the firm of Messrs. Corbett and Co., and at Alexandria we have opened an agency under the name of The Anglo-Eastern Shipping and Trading Company, Limited, for the purpose of developing the shipping business in Egypt. For many years past we have acted as agents in New York for the New York-Bermuda passenger service of the Quebec Steamship Company. We have just made arrangements to acquire this business, along with the steamer *Bermudian* so well known in this trade.

The report was adopted.

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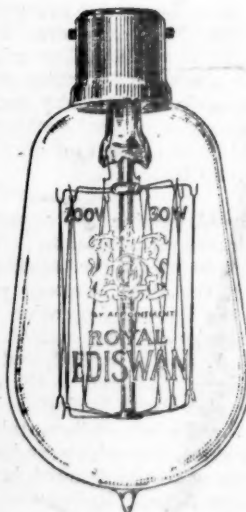
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